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A VISIT AT DEACON FOREMAN'S.

BY PROF. J. ALDEN D.D.

"You will go with us to Deacon Foreman's, this evening?" said Julia Hastings to Mr. De Lancey, a young gentleman from the south, who was spending a few days with the Hastings, he having become acquainted with them during a travelling excursion of a previous summer.

"A party at a deacon's?" said De Lancey, with some marks of surprise.

"Not a party," said Julia; "our families often meet socially, and they expect us all over there this evening. You have no objection to going with us?"

"None in the world. The sight of a live deacon in Yankee land is not lightly to be foregone, to say nothing of the accompaniments. But how must I carry myself there? Are there any young deacons and deaconesses there? What must I talk about? Must I give my countenance an extra allowance of length? You must give me full instructions, for I should be sorry to hurt the old gentleman's feelings, through lack of conformity to his ideas of propriety."

Julia was a little displeased at the low estimate which he seemed to place upon a character which she was brought up to reverence. She replied, in rather a cold and stately tone,

"I would have Mr. De Lancey act in accordance with his own sense of propriety."

He felt the implied reproof, and in a tone of apology remarked, "You know I am a stranger to the institutions and people of New England. My views in regard to them, in many points, may be erroneous. Having become pretty well acquainted with, and deeply interested in, *one specimen*, which accident threw in my way, I have come here expecting to find many other excellent ones."

Julia did not reply with her usual readiness. If, just before, she had appeared to be a *little* displeased, she now appeared to be a *good deal* discomposed. Perhaps it was owing to the unnecessary emphasis laid by De Lancey on the terms *deeply interested* and *one specimen*. He also seemed to be conscious of his false emphasis, and to be somewhat embarrassed in consequence.

Conversation never speeds well when both parties are ill at ease. The case of De Lancey and Julia was no exception to the truth of this remark. After a few awkward attempts at continuation, it was broken off by common consent, and the parties retired to their respective apartments.

They met again at the tea-table, and seem-

ed, in a good degree, to have recovered their equanimity. As soon as the evening shades began to shut out of view the gorgeous varieties of an October landscape, the whole family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, Julia, her younger sister, Emily, and Mr. De Lancey, set out for Deacon Foreman's.

Deacon Foreman's house was one of those large, plain, square, white, sharp-roofed houses, which are so abundant in some parts of New England, and so perfectly similar, that it would be easy to prove an *alibi* respecting any one of them.

The visitors, as I have hinted above, were not unexpected. Unequivocal proof of this was furnished by the bright light which shone through the windows of one of the front rooms, or through as large a portion of them as was left uncovered by the set of double curtains with which they were furnished, composed of hanging paper and dimity. The light was generated in about equal proportions by the fire on the hearth, and candles of domestic manufacture.

They entered at the gate leading to the front of the house. The walk was carpeted with a fine, luxuriant turf, very soft to the feet, but somewhat damp after a rain, or before the morning dew was off. There was a fine gravel bank in the vicinity, but the idea of gravel walks was not yet fully developed.

The door was opened by Grace, a young deaconess, to use De Lancey's vocabulary, whose brilliant eye, glowing countenance, and symmetrical form caused him to make a rather abrupt pause, and to make use of his visual organs with a little more intensity than strict propriety required. The ease with which she went through the process of introduction to the stranger, convinced him that no self-denying act of condescension would be necessary in order to adapt himself to the circle with whom he was to pass the evening.

Soon after they were seated, the old gentleman entered the room. He was a tall, strongly built man; the crown of his head was bald, but fringed with luxuriant white locks below. A rheumatic affection of one of his limbs rendered him a little lame; yet, as it caused him to maintain a perfectly erect attitude, it increased, rather than lessened, the impression of his presence. He received his guests in a cordial, and, if the air and spirit might be separated from a little singularity of motion, a courtly manner. As it was, even De Lancey thought his manner would compare to advan-

tage with those of his neighbors, the descendants of the courtly cavaliers, who, driven from their homes by Cromwell, brought their loyalty and polish to the wilds of Virginia; for which cruel act, and sundry others equally obnoxious to king-craft and popery, all good republicans have been taught to execrate his name to this present time.

Mrs. Foreman's manner had less of ease and self-possession, and evinced more of the carefulness of the good housewife. She welcomed her visitors warmly, but cast an eye at the same time upon the hearth, to see that it was swept with due care, and towards the candles, to see that they did not "run down;" and, in general, she kept a good look-out to see that no event should be suffered to occur which might mar the material of the evening's enjoyment.

"Where is Horace?" said Mr. Hastings; "he has returned home, I believe."

"Yes, the vacation began last Thursday, and he got home the next day; but he has been so busy helping me in with my corn, that he has felt like going to bed about as soon as the fowls."

"He has spoken of coming over to see you several times," said Mrs. Foreman, anxious lest neglect or impropriety should be attributed to her son.

"He can't take hold," said the deacon, "as he could before he went to college. He is not so strong as he was, and I am afraid by the time he gets through he will not have bodily strength enough to endure hardship as a good soldier. To-night he has gone to attend a meeting in the West district. They came down after me, but when they found he was home, and I excused myself a little, they set to work on him, and nothing would do but he must go. They are willing to shove us old ones off, you know, when they can get young men to serve them."

This was not spoken in a querulous tone, but with a smile, that showed his high gratification at having a son whose services were so highly estimated.

"You wanted him to go, you know," said the anxious mother, fearing lest her husband's pleasant remark might be misunderstood.

"Yes, and he was free enough to go for that matter, for there is considerable attention to religion there. I hope he will do good, and get good."

"Those two things, I believe, generally go together," said Mr. Hastings.

"They always go together, and it has often been a matter of wonder to me that all observing and thinking men don't see it. Some seem to think that the law, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' is written only in the Gospel, whereas it is written on all God's creation. It is only written a little plainer in the Gospel—printed in larger letters."

"I don't know as I quite apprehend your meaning. What is the principle which you affirm runs through creation?" said De Lancey, who had deemed it proper to listen awhile to the deacon before devoting himself to the ladies, and making an intellectual inspection of Grace.

"Why, the unselfish principle—the principle which shows that the way to benefit ourselves, is to benefit others. I said that this isn't true in respect to religion alone, but is true in respect to everything; though, for that matter, religion comprehends everything; but that is not according to the common idea."

"How would you show that?" said De Lancey, a good deal surprised to hear a hard-working farmer and puritan deacon talking about principles, and in a way which rendered it more than probable that he understood them, too. It was not at all in accordance with his ideas of puritanical narrowness.

"Why, you may take the case of a merchant. He wants, in order to prosper in his business, he wants to sell a great many goods, and get his pay for them. Now, how can he best promote his interest—by cheating and robbing the people?"

"Certainly not; his customers will all leave him in that case," said De Lancey.

"Take a little wider view of the case. He must not only pursue such a course as will not drive his customers away, but he must have customers that shall want a good deal of what he has to sell, and shall be able to pay him. He needs to have them prosperous, all of them; the more prosperous the better. Whatever he does to promote their prosperity, has a tendency to promote his own prosperity. Everything he does towards making them better off is calculated to make himself better off—that is, a fair understanding of the case, a knowledge of what is best for him in the long run, will lead him to do just as the Gospel bids him do—'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Isn't that point clear to you?"

"Perfectly."

"The case of one man's working for ano-

ther, in the employ of another, is similar. He may be saving and faithful, and promote the interest of his employer, or he may be wasteful and idle; but if he destroys his employer's property, or hinders him from prospering, he stands in his own light. The more prosperous his employer is, the more he will want to hire, and the more he will have to pay for work. If the hired man wishes to take the course that shall give him the most employment and the best pay, he must go according to the Gospel rule, mus'n't he?"

"Certainly."

"The case is just the same with nations. Satan tries to keep them cutting one another's throats, and injuring one another as much as possible; and politicians seem disposed to help him; but people are beginning to find out that it is for the interest of nations that each and all should be prosperous; that if we could do England as much harm as some seem to wish, wouldn't it affect this country's interest in about the same way that it would affect the merchant's interest, if he could send half his customers to the poor-house? Now the Lord commands peace and good will among nations, and He has so ordered it that that is just the way for them to prosper."

"I see you have read on Political Economy."

"Read what?"

"Political Economy."

"I've read what was said about it in the Bible. I was going to say I had never heard of it, but I do remember to have seen the words in the newspapers; but they have so many new words and notions, that I don't try to spell out and understand one half of them. I heard something said about it sometimes, when I was in the House, but I never could really get hold of it."

"Deacon Foreman alludes to the House of Representatives. He has been our representative for a number of years," said Mr. Hastings, seeing that De Lancey was a little at fault.

"Yes, and when I was sent I knew I wasn't fit for it, and thought I should have to act as the leading ones told me; but I concluded I would act understandingly, if I could. So I heard them argue, but I could never get much satisfaction. At last I thought I would go to the Book, and get what light I could there, and do what appeared to be right; and on all the questions which they called great questions, I got light out of the Book that satisfied

me. Some thought I had studied them, all out, and understood all about them, and would come to me and get me to explain to them; and they were a good deal surprised that I hadn't any wisdom of my own—nothing only God's wisdom to go by; and some of them didn't seem to think as much of me as they appeared to before. My way is this: I find a principle laid down in the Book—then I'm sure it will always be found true, and I observe and watch what is going on about me, so as to see that it turns out just as I expected, and it's a great satisfaction to find it so."

Deacon Foreman saw that conversation was suspended while he was discoursing. He left his seat, crossed over to the opposite side of the room, and began a conversation with Mrs. Hastings in a low tone of voice. The object of this movement was well understood, and all were willing to do their part towards its accomplishment. Conversation soon became general and animated.

About an hour passed, during which time De Lancey, Julia, and Grace carried on a desultory, yet animated, conversation. Grace was somewhat reserved, yet she made several replies, which reminded De Lancey of the quickness and sharpness, but not the harshness, of a steel-trap—a machine with which he happened to have, in his boyhood, great practical acquaintance. In truth, she, like some other girls which you might find in the land, if you were to search with sufficient care, had some suspicion that the polished stranger was not disposed to do full justice to the claims of the commonalty of New England on the score of intelligence and refinement, and hence her manner was a little more brisk than was natural to her. Perhaps Miss Julia was not as much displeased at this as she might have been under other circumstances, since it very naturally deducted somewhat from the sum total of that admiration which De Lancey evidently felt for the charms of her person combined with the powers of her mind. Grace was not slow in perceiving the existence of said feeling of admiration, and it rendered her somewhat more conciliating, yet not so as to soften down too much the bearing befitting true, genuine, Yankee independence.

In about an hour young Foreman returned. He was neither tall nor short, fat nor lean; in short, there was nothing remarkable in his bodily structure. Grace thought there was something very intellectual in his walk, and

indeed in his whole bearing; but this was not visible to eyes of less perspicacity. In college, at his first entrance, at least, he might have been classed with those semi-rustics who are sometimes looked down upon by those who have enjoyed superior advantages for physical culture, but who often find it easier to laugh at them than to compete with them in whatever requires real mental vigor, or appertains to true manhood.

Horace was slightly embarrassed as he entered and perceived a stranger there. The true politeness of De Lancey soon put him at his ease, and enabled him to join in the conversation, which was adroitly led by Grace to such topics as she knew would awaken his enthusiasm, and cause him to shine. Several topics requiring discriminating thought were partially discussed. De Lancey found it was necessary to put all his powers in requisition, and still felt that he was conversing with one whose grasp of mind was superior to his own. He found that the young student, when excited, had an energy of thought and brevity of expression of which the exterior gave no betokening.

The conversation next turned on topics more purely literary, and in which De Lancey felt more at home; and he found that the spirit of poetry still lived among the descendants of those who still looked to John Milton as their leader and defender in a sacred cause. His own enthusiasm was kindled, and he passed an hour of high enjoyment, till he noticed the eager interest with which Julia listened to the remarks of the young student. He then made a vigorous but unsuccessful effort to believe that the enthusiasm apparent had been put on for the occasion, in accordance with the theory somewhat widely adopted, that in Yankee land everything is done for effect and show. The effort, as ever, was unsuccessful. The tones of nature, the flashes of intelligence, were not to be mistaken. When the visitors withdrew, Grace bade them good-night in a manner accordant with her name, and gave them a smile which De Lancey thought decidedly the sweetest one he had seen north of the Potomac, saving and excepting the smile of Julia Hastings.

"What do you think of your visit?" said Julia to De Lancey, when, by some natural accident they had become separated from Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, and Emily, who was accompanied by Horace, so as to allow them to converse without danger of being overheard."

"I think," said he, "you do as much thinking at a Yankee visit as we do at the south in—I know not how long."

"That is not telling me how you liked it."

"Pardon me, you did not ask me how I liked it."

"I thought I did. I will then use the privilege of my birth-place, and ask if you were not disappointed—did you not expect to pass a dull evening?"

"No, I did not expect to pass a dull evening, for I knew Miss Hastings was to be there; but I was, I confess, disappointed. My ideas of Yankee deacons have been greatly modified. To tell the truth, I expected to find a censorious, narrow-minded, ostentatiously religious man."

"What right had you to form any such expectation?"

"That was in accordance with the ideas I had formed of that class from books, I suppose."

"Or perhaps from some worthy representative of New England who has been travelling in your parts for the purpose of exercising his mercantile gifts. You saw but a small part of Deacon Foreman's character. He had no opportunity for exhibiting his warm and fine benevolence, and his delicate consideration for the feelings of others, whatever his rank may be."

"I can readily conceive that he possesses those traits of character."

"What do you think of Grace? I am to ask you all the questions I can think of, you know."

This was attempted to be asked in the same tone as the preceding ones; but a nice ear would have detected some slight variations, and variations not on the side of indifference.

"Well, I can hardly give an analysis of her character on so slight an acquaintance and such short notice?"

"I did not ask that."

"She is a girl of fine mind, and her logical powers are highly cultivated."

"Don't you think she is very handsome?"

"Yes, she is handsome, very, and yet there is a softness and repose that is wanting. There is too much energy to be compatible with the highest form of beauty."

"Do you think so?"

Apparently Miss Hastings deemed his last remark worthy of deep consideration, for she walked on in silence for some time. What the precise nature of her reflections during

that interval were, we are not authorized to state.

By some means, Emily and Horace did not arrive at Mr. Hastings' as soon as the other members of the party, a fact not unnoticed or disapproved by De Lancey. He recollected, also, without displeasure, that she was quite silent during the latter part of the evening, and that she paid extra attention to whatever was said by young Foreman. It also appeared that she was regarded with more complacency by Grace than Julia was.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings retired soon after their arrival at home, leaving De Lancey and Julia to wait for Emily, whose protracted walk did not seem to give them any alarm.

"What profession will Horace Foreman choose?"

"He will enter the ministry, I presume?"

"Do all the young men in New England choose that profession?"

"Not all, but most of them who belong to such families as Deacon Foreman's."

"Are such families frequent?"

"Not very unfrequent. Mr. Foreman would feel very sad if Horace should not be a minister."

"I presume he thinks it the highest office in the world?"

"He does."

The tone with which these words were uttered seemed to intimate her agreement with the deacon on this point. De Lancey, with an abruptness not usual with him, said, "Do you think so?"

"Certainly."

De Lancey was silent. He thought of Horace and Emily. He began to doubt whether the conclusion he had drawn respecting the relation they sustained towards each other was correct, and this, because Julia had expressed her concurrence in the belief of Deacon Foreman, that a minister of the gospel held the highest office upon earth.

He was at length on the point of expressing his dissent with a little more earnestness than the occasion seemed to call for, when he luckily bethought himself of a more excellent way: "Does your sister entertain the same opinion?" adding intensity to the question by a vigorous use of the eye.

"I presume she does," said Julia with a meaning smile. "Perhaps she is not in circumstances as favorable to the formation of an impartial opinion as I am."

De Lancey's complacency was restored. He

cared but little about Julia's opinion of the relative rank of a minister, provided her sister alone was influenced by it in practice.

"You have been accustomed to view the ministry," said Julia, "merely as a profession. I have not been accustomed to do so. I always feel as if I made an improper use of language when I conform to the usual modes of expression on the subject. It is one thing to view a man as merely a member of a certain profession, another, to view him as an ambassador of God to men. Such the Bible declares the true minister to be; and if the rank of an ambassador is to be determined by the greatness and dignity of the power which he represents, then the office of a minister is higher than that of an earthly ambassador, or any earthly governor; and therefore Deacon Foreman's views are in strict accordance with truth."

"Deacon Foreman has communicated some of his logic as well as his religion to his neighbors."

"If that were to be the case, do you think they would be any the worse for it?"

"By no means. I should like to take a colony of Deacon Foreman's home with me, and plant them down about me. The deacon is well off, as I believe the phrase is in the country?"

"He is the owner of a farm, which, by his labor, supports him, and enables him to educate his children and to set a good example of liberality."

"He has not laid out much in adorning his

grounds. Would it not be better for him to pay a little more regard to the beautiful?"

"I cannot say but that it would; neatness is one of his cardinal virtues. Everything about his place is neat. The circumstances under which we New Englanders grew up from the beginning have not been favorable to the development of the idea of the beautiful; but we are making progress in that matter."

"Not in architecture," De Lancey was tempted to say, remembering the various pretending structures he had seen on the way; politeness restrained him.

At this moment Emily and Horace ended their walk and conversation, and the parties soon separated for the night. De Lancey repaired to his chamber with a very slight inclination for sleep. He employed himself in grave reflections on the influence of a Puritan ancestry on their real descendants of the present time. From what he had seen, he concluded that if a little more grace were added to the sterling virtues—if more regard were paid to the illustration of beauty in general, as well as the beauty of goodness, they would form a model people. These qualities were not wanting in Julia Hastings; therefore, seeing that there was no prospect of his being able to take out a colony of Deacon Foreman's to live *about* him, he thought the wisest thing he could do would be to take all lawful means to enable him to carry out Julia Hastings to live *with* him. To the accomplishment of this feat he resolved to devote all his powers without delay.

LINES.

BY J. HONEYWELL.

DEEPER, denser, grows the gloom,
Utter darkness fills the room,
Creeping those dull eyes before,
That may brighten nevermore;
Shrouded is the bloomy earth,
All its beauties nothing worth,
And in Death's forewarning shades
All of mortal seeming fades.

But as fade familiar scenes,
Shining through the cloudy screens,
In a purer, holier light,
Scenes celestial meet the sight;

These the eye of Faith perceives,
As its sight the darkness cleaves,
While across the striving soul
Sweet seraphic visions roll.

Around, above, are radiant forms,
Seen like rainbows after storms,
Hovering on translucent wings,
Till the spirit upward springs,
And with new-born strength endued,
Leaving earth and earthly strife,
For the untried after-life,
Soars into beatitude.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

WE embarked on our voyage for Londonderry in the steam-packet *Glen Albyn*.

After passing Lough Foyle, you enter the river Foyle, here perhaps half a mile in width, the celebrated city of Londonderry, rising in singular beauty and magnificence, opens to your view. The two most prominent objects that attract the eye are the cathedral with its beautiful spire, and the monument of the Rev. Gen. Walker, celebrated for his gallant defence of the city, in 1689.

By the recommendation of an Irish gentleman, a fellow passenger, we proceeded, on landing, to an hotel near the top of the mount, and were shown into a large upper room, which, upon occasion, is for the accommodation of public meetings. We were received with that gladness and openness of heart which not only indicated a cordial welcome, but a personal pleasure, at the arrival of strangers from England. Everything indicated the fact that it was a rare occurrence to see gentlemen and ladies from the sister island travelling for their amusement in Ireland. The old servant maid bustled about, most solicitous to do ten times more than was wanting, and poured out her civilities in the richest profusion and with the most admirable trepidation, as if the feelings of nature were struggling to give vent to expression.

The situation of the city is both picturesque and commanding. It rises boldly upon the banks of the Foyle, with a sharp ascent upon all sides. It contains no distinct castle, but the whole city is a castle, surrounded by a broad wall, with gates on the four sides, and flights of steps within, leading to the ramparts. There is no appearance of art-works, no trenches, no drawbridges, nor any external bulwarks which usually distinguish a fortified town. The main street is broad and airy, well paved, well built, and cleanly. The whole city is constructed of brick, which is the more remarkable, considering it is girt with mountains of stone at no great distance. The walls are of sufficient width to admit of military exercises, parading, drilling, marching, &c., which we paused to witness, seeing it was the first specimen of military tactics

brought to our view in Ireland, and seeing that never having had any instructions or experience in martial science, we were the best judges of such matters.

The cathedral, to which is attached a bishop, dean, and two curates, is in fine condition, with a splendid organ and peal of bells. We ascended the tower of the cathedral, whence we had a fine view of the city, the river, the suburbs, nearly as populous as the city, and of the most charming, rich, highly cultivated country that the eye of man ever rested upon. The fields are generally small enclosures, laid out in parallelograms, sloping down to the river's edge, and covered with luxuriant crops of corn, grass, oats, potatoes, &c. The monument, consecrated to the memory of the Rev. Gen. Walker, is a fluted column, surmounted with a full-length figure of the Rev. Gen. The court-house and other public charitable establishments, are handsome buildings, suited to a city containing a population of about 10,000 inhabitants.

People in England, as I have before intimated, think Ireland a den of robbers and cut-throats. Let them visit Londonderry, which they never will do, and they will meet with every accommodation that a gentleman need require, and what, to one travelling for his amusement, is of no slight importance—he will meet with the kindest attention, a thankful heart, and uniform civility.

Giant's Causeway.—Highly gratified by our visit to the ancient and celebrated city of Londonderry, we took our departure, on the morning of the 10th of September, in the *Glen Albyn* for Portbush, on our route to the Giant's Causeway. At Portbush, we chartered a jaunting-car to convey us to the Causeway, distance about eight miles. It is a difficult thing to convey a correct idea of an Irish jaunting-car by description, because it is unlike anything known among civilized nations. It is a vehicle of two wheels, without any top or covering of any kind. In the centre of the body there is an open space, the length of the car, for the luggage. Over each wheel there is a seat fore and aft, with a foot board, to prevent your falling into the road when seated. The passengers sit back to back and

sideways, so that you face one side of the road, with your feet not more than twelve inches from the ground. The driver's seat is just forward of the luggage, and the only comfortable seat in the car. In this antediluvian sort of a thing we travelled along over hill and dale, always fearing, if we met anything, that our legs would go the other way. The road is good, but owing to the mountainous face of the country, is very winding and circuitous. We drove, however, sufficiently near the shore to give us a constant view of the sea. The lands are well cultivated, crops abundant, and the general appearance of the population far superior to anything we had expected to see in Ireland. No part of England presents a fairer specimen of agricultural prosperity.

Arriving at the summit of the cliffs which overlook the Causeway, a small thatched cottage, only, opens its doors for the accommodation of visitors. A large stone-built hotel has, since our visit, been completed, and will afford more comfortable shelter to future visitors. This single fact speaks volumes. In England, in the United States, in any other country but Ireland, a large town would have been built where stands a single, solitary, comfortless, thatched cottage. This is Irish enterprise. Nothing can exceed the beauty and grandeur of the view as you look down from a height of 400 feet upon the ocean which rolls and tumbles below. The rude cliffs and broken precipices which mark this northern coast, stretch far off in full view to the right and left, and hold the spectator in musing suspense. A footpath, wide enough indeed for a cart, descends in a horizontal direction upon the declivity of the precipice, which in some places is so perpendicular that rocks impend overhead. At length, after a long descent, we came to the base of the cliff, which now presents a bold front of 500 feet in altitude upon the right, the ocean heaving its restless waters upon the left. Here an old woman of a tall and slender form, withered by age, and browned by winds and storms, claimed our attention. "This, your honor, is the giant's well"—a little basin of clear spring water just in the middle of the footpath, with rocks in their natural state piled promiscuously around it. I could hardly refrain from laughter at the idea of a giant's well, about as large as a lady's teapot; but I soon found that the giant's little well was of giant consequence, and not to be overpassed

without due libation to his giantship. The whisky bottle was presented in solemn form with one hand, and a small glass with the other, by the aforesaid mistress of the ceremony, and surely I could not do less than take a glass myself and present a bumper to those who attended me. With a cheerful smile and "health to your honor," they all accepted the proffered glass but one; he declined. I knew he was an Irishman, and was most profoundly puzzled how to solve the mystery. On my arrival at Colerain, I learned that a temperance society had just been established in that place, and that many in the neighborhood had joined it; just the last thing one would expect from a laboring Irishman, and no doubt the best.

We now, having paid all due honor to the giant, approached the causeway. It was presently announced by the declaration of the guides, "This is the Giant's Causeway." We were quite upon it before we were aware that it was even in sight. There is nothing whatever in the reality to correspond with the idea fastened upon the mind by the name. It therefore needed this announcement, for nobody would imagine at first sight that it was any such thing. We had seen drawings and read descriptions of this celebrated curiosity, and really thought we had a correct idea of it. Our surprise was consequently great when we found that it was altogether a different thing from that we had figured in imagination. Indeed, such is the habitude of the mind, that we do not suppose it possible to think independently of association. If we speak of a river, the mind flies to a flowing stream; of a mountain, to the stupendous excrescences of the earth, which the eye has not seen, and which is already seated in the understanding; of a giant, to one of our race majestically tall, and of the largest bone.

The general form of the causeway is that of a pier projecting into the ocean. As it nears the water, it assumes the aspect of a gently inclined plain, until it loses itself in the waves of the sea. Its length, from the base of the cliff to the water, is about 350 feet, and its width, judging by the eye, about 200 feet, narrowing to perhaps 100 feet as it approaches the ocean. This natural pier is composed of Basaltic pillars, which, taken separately, measure three to four feet in circumference, and are all, without a single exception, of angular shapes, some pentagonal, some hexagonal, and some even octagonal. These

pillars stand perpendicular, with their bases sunk to an unknown depth into the bowels of the earth, and their tops rising about ten feet above the general level of the beach. They are all clustered together with the most exact natural masonry, so that the angles of one pillar exactly correspond with those of its adjoining neighbor. Some of the pillars rise above the average level of the pier, and of course some fall below, which renders the surface of the whole uneven. Imagine these irregularities of surface reduced to one uniform level, and we should then walk upon a tessellated pavement in appearance, instead of the rough surface which the pillars now present. The next point of extreme curiosity is, that each pillar composing this extraordinary work is marked off into joints of ten to twelve inches by a natural vein running horizontally completely round the pillar, so that if you were to insert the chisel end of an iron crowbar you would pry off one joint, and one only, and this joint is uniformly concave and convex, similar to the joints of the backbone of a codfish. The fitting, both as regards the angles and the joints, is perfect, every pillar is perfect, and the combination of the whole is perfect.

There is no sublimity in the Giant's Causeway—nothing to strike the mind with awe and amazement, but everything to excite wonder and delight curiosity. You see something so unique, something so entirely foreign from the ordinary course of creation, that the mind, in its silent musings, asks itself, how can these things be? Solomon's army of master masons might have toiled thousands of years to hew all these pillars, to shape them into such exactly fitting angles, to form the joints, and to pile one upon another until a column of 40 or 50 feet in length was completed, and placed side by side, angle to angle, in a perpendicular position, forming one monument of human art, all in vain. They might as well attempt to "perfume the rose" or to "paint the lily." It is the wonderful work of God, and His hands alone formed it.

It was late in the day before we left this most interesting and curious promenade to pursue our journey in the same car we hired in the morning, for Colerain, distance twelve miles. We arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening, chilled to the very bone. Here we found an excellent hotel, an obliging landlord, a good fire, and everything agreeable, although in Ireland.

THE FIRST AND LAST VISIT.

BY L. S. Y.

It was night, and stillness reigned in Jerusalem. Wearied by the exciting scenes of their annual festival, the Passover, the people had sought repose, and not a footfall broke the silence throughout her streets. Among that unconscious multitude, there was one whose troubled thoughts forbade him rest. In the solemn hour of night, his mind was busy with reflections new to him. The scenes of the day that was gone had awakened questions within him of momentous interest. He was a ruler of the Jews, a man well versed in the history of his nation. The law and the prophets had been his study from his youth; he

was accustomed to be regarded as authority in matters of religion; but it would seem that he was less bigoted than most of the Pharisees, and was possessed of a candid mind.

There had appeared among the people a man of singular character, but of wonderful power, an humble Nazarene; but even the nobles felt awed in his presence. For years he had been spoken of; there had occurred many things to throw an unusual interest around its history. They had been much talked of, and many conjectures were started, but they were ended with the significant question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

As yet, he had appeared but little in public, but he had wrought many wonderful works that astonished the people, and they verily thought a prophet had risen up among them.

At this Passover he had assumed an authority altogether unheard of before. He exercised it in the temple in such a way as caused much wonder. Animals for sacrifice, which at first were kept without the temple, had, in this corrupt age, been brought within the sacred enclosures, and an immense traffic was carried on in them, a great part of the profits of which accrued to the priests. Much extortion and great indecorum were practised.

But that day the Teacher had administered a reproof which was hard to bear. With an authority which found a ready response in every heart, he had driven them all out, saying, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." Never before had he spoken thus. The convicted and astonished people cried out in their hate, "What sign showest thou, since thou doest these things?" But their own confusion was evidence that conviction flashed upon their minds, and whether the Teacher was a superior being or not, they knew he was right, for they had desecrated their holy place; they deserved the scourge he coiled against them.

But he had taught the people in many discourses, and they wondered at his gracious words; even some of the nobles heard him gladly, and went away wondering whereunto this might grow. Of this latter class was the ruler, whose troubled mind allowed him no sleep. Anxious and doubting, he reasoned with himself: This Teacher is no common man. He acts not the part of a prophet, but professes that in him our prophecies are fulfilled. But can this be so? Can this be the Christ? Surely our great Deliverer cometh not thus. It cannot be. He hath not power to lead us on to victory over our enemies, and re-assert our claim to independence as a nation. And yet it may be. How lightly did our fathers esteem Moses till his miracles compelled their belief. And this man hath wrought many miracles, all acknowledge. Many things spoken by the prophets seem to be fulfilled in him. With what convincing power he speaks to the people. He knoweth the Scriptures better than the wisest. If this be indeed the promised Saviour, how foolish and wicked to reject him. Would that I could go to him and know of the doctrine

from his own mouth. But I should be suspected of favoring him if I should seek such an interview. None of the rulers countenance him. I have nothing to gain by embracing a new religion, but everything to lose. But I can go this night to him, this very hour, and it will be known to no one. I will go and confer with the Teacher, and learn exactly what his doctrines are.

With this resolution he takes his way, at the calm hour of midnight, to the Saviour. This was his *first visit*.

He was kindly received, and addressed the Saviour in a way at once respectful and proper. But his question is anticipated; he has not time to utter it before he is startled with a proposition of a purely spiritual import, though couched in a figure which he understands literally. The idea of spiritual religion seems to have been, at this time, lost amid the forms and traditions of Phariseeism; the shadow had taken the place of the substance, and men went about to earn eternal life by punctilious observance of ceremonies, few of which could claim more than human authority. The Teacher changes his illustration, and states his proposition in another form. The inquirer, partly enlightened as to his meaning, but still mainly in doubt, exclaims, "How can these things be?" After reproving him with the question, "Art thou a teacher in Israel, and knowest not these things?" the Saviour asserts his authority, and explains the nature of his mission.

The account of this interview is brief, perhaps giving no more than the substance of what was said; but it contains that which must have been the subject of much reflection with Nicodemus. From the short acquaintance we have with him in this narrative, we are led to inquire, with no little interest, what effect these instructions had on him. Was that new existence of which he learned ever imparted to him? These are questions which can never have an answer in this world. We know if he was "born again," he is now a partaker of the "eternal life" then made known to him. The belief that this was so, is strengthened by the circumstances of his last visit.

The fearful tragedy of the crucifixion is past; the scenes of trial and insult which the Saviour endured before the high priest, Herod, and Pilate, were ended; the weakness of the Roman proconsul had yielded to the clamor of the multitude; the deed was done; the

sufferer had uttered his last cry, "It is finished!" and expired.

In his extremity his disciples forsook him and fled; but there were those who would not leave his lifeless body to the common indignities of those publicly executed. One Joseph, whose brief, but significant, encomium is, that "he was a good man and just," got leave of Pilate to take away the body of Jesus. In these sad offices he was joined by Nicodemus. He had been witness of his sufferings—of the insults offered to him; but no efforts of his, or the few who sympathized with him, could have procured an impartial trial. The power of the priesthood to excite the passions of the people to the most atrocious wickedness, could not be resisted; no reason could arrest the decision.

And now that their purpose was accomplished, these two men come to perform the

only office in their power, to show respect to his memory. Whether they did it simply because they thought he was an innocent sufferer, or because they had learned something of his true character, we honor them for the deed. How affecting must have been the scene to Nicodemus, when he recalled his first visit to him who now lay cold in death! With what vividness would those sacred words of the sufferer come up to his mind! Did he now understand what this meant: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that all believing in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?"

But they must hasten; the preparation drew to a close; they decently prepared the body for burial, and laid it in a new tomb which was in a garden near to the place of crucifixion, and departed.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY ASAHEL ABBOTT.

O THOU that sitt'st above an amber cloud!
 O Son of Heaven! insuperable, that wearest
 Thy golden locks bound in a diadem
 Star-wove, nor vainly hold'st in thy hands most pure
 Thy sickle sharp, for vengeance due prepared,
 Against this murderous earth thy stroke forbear!
 Nor the sere harvest gather, tho' the cry
 Hath risen from 'mid the temple, and the souls
 Slain round the altar, that the nations whole
 Should drink blood, and be drunken as with taste
 Of sweet wine, in his wrath who sits above,
 And knows their end is coming; for the lands
 Not yet hath summ'd their crimes, nor with strict watch
 Thro' all hath th' Infinite his number found
 Of all selectest spirits, whose record
 Is in the Book of Life: but when, at length,
 All these have passed thro' fires, and found his rest
 Made glorious through eternal ages, then
 Hear thou thine angel calling thee from far,
 And blood shall flow through lands even as the sea,
 That nations o'er the globe thro' times to come
 Learn justice, truth, and peace, nor more contend with God.

OUR DEACON.

BY KATE.

EVERY village has its character. Persons or things form prominent items, around which memory throws a charm, as she points to them in after-life. I remember the childish fondness I used to cherish for our old deacon, whose white hairs were ever an object of attraction to my youthful eyes. I loved the old man with all the fervor of childhood, and used often to win from him in return those endearing expressions which fall so gracefully from the lips of age, and find so ready a response in the heart of youth. Our good old deacon had long since followed his beloved companion to the silent tomb; but his dead Mary lived again in a fair image, so like the mother, that he would almost forget the lapse of time, and gaze on the young Mary's sweet face with all the fondness of an enraptured lover or doating husband. Sometimes he would sit under the shadow of the old porch for hours, and gaze on the fair sunny face that was upturned to his, so fresh with the hues of health and youthful buoyancy, that he would forget the thread of his tale, and unconsciously murmur the endearing words he had been wont to pour into the ear of the so dearly loved and so sincerely mourned, the departed. The sweet child loved her father in return with a fervor equalled only by that which burned so brilliantly in the old man's bosom. The atmosphere of love in which she had ever dwelt, served to mature her mind as well as affection, so that while she served to beguile weariness, she could also be, at the same time, a companion in the old man's loneliness. They would sit by the desolate hearthstone the livelong evening, talking of a purer and better world, the blessedness of the redeemed, and would almost forget that the veil of the tomb hid its glories from their exalted vision. Often, in the moonlight evenings of summer, they would walk to the village graveyard, and sit side by side on the grassy turf which covered their sleeping treasure. 'Twas then the old deacon poured forth all his griefs as well as hopes; then he would expatiate on the virtues of the dead, and pray that her mantle might fall upon the living; while the daughter would

nestle closer to the old man's bosom, and pray that she might be spared to cheer his weary pilgrimage, and smooth his passage to the tomb. The spirit of the mother seemed to hover over them, and deepening shadows and night-dews were all forgotten in their hallowed communings with another world. Oh! if there be one hour more holy, more sacred, sweeter than another, it is when we hear the soft whispers of the dear departed, and feel the gentle floatings of angels' wings as they pass on lingering pinions to soothe the dear ones over whom they keep the vigils of ministering spirits. At such times we gather about us the mantle of faith, and sweetly resign ourselves to our righteous allotments, patiently "waiting the days of our appointed time, till our change come." Truly our sorrows are tempered with mercy, and life's bitterest cup, though drained to the dregs, still savors of celestial sweetness. The darkened soul that cannot look beyond the clouds which bedim its horizon, and trace the glory there garnered, has but little to console it in its bereavements. Not so the Christian. He loves to linger in thought around the glorious revelations of the "book of life," and binds to his stricken heart the healing fount in the "balm of Gilead." One evening our friends lingered till the darkening moon forewarned them of an approaching storm. Mary could hardly be persuaded to quit a spot so dear, but her father's anxiety prevailed. Casting herself down upon the grassy hillock, she seemed to pour out her very soul in that long embrace; then rising, she placed her hand in her father's, and walked silently away.

That visit proved her last in life. The exposure to night air, together with the excitement of the occasion, produced a fever that burned already in her veins. She made no complaint, but on reaching home threw off her bonnet, and retired to her own room. The good old man, as was his wont, mused long after she retired, but was roused by low groans, as from some one in distress. He hastened to Mary's apartment, and found her already in a high state of delirium. He sat down by her, and taking her hot hand in his,

sought to soothe her, but in vain. She would start up wildly, and exclaim, "See there, and there, and there, father! Are they not angels? Isn't one dear mother? and see, don't she beckon to me? But you can't spare me, father, can you? Shall I go? Oh, father, she is so beautiful! If it were not for leaving you alone, I would go." Then lying down, she would shake her head mournfully, and say, "No, no, I can't go now; father can't let me go." The old man pressed his darling convulsively to his bosom, as he exclaimed, "How can I give thee up? No, no, thou art bound about my very heart-strings, and to let thee go would be but cutting the cords of life." Who can picture the unutterable agony of that night? Those, and those only, can feel for the stricken heart, who have seen their idols perish, one by one, from their sides; but to know that others have experienced all this, takes but a poor drop from the overflowing cup of woe. All night the father watched by the couch of the sufferer, and with the first rays of the morning hastened for medical advice. The physician pronounced hers a hopeless case, and sought to reconcile the wretched father to what he felt confident was inevitable. The father mourned in sorrow, but the Christian triumphed. Wiping the fast-gathering tears from his care-worn face, he begged to be left alone, that he might gather up his strength for his last trial. His wish was complied with, and when he next came forth from the chamber of the dying, there was a firmness in his step, and lofty dignity of expression upon his countenance, not to be mistaken. He had sought consolation from that fountain which hath not as yet failed those who apply in humble confidence. From that hour the fountains of grief seemed sealed up. He passed in and out of the chamber of death with noiseless step, fanned the feeble sufferer, or administered the nauseous draught with the same composure which characterized his usual efforts. When the last agony was over, he smoothed down the fair locks about the forehead, straightened the lifeless form, and prepared it for the robe and the coffin. He seemed unwilling that other hands should minister to the last duties due his darling child; and those who had gathered round to offer aid and sympathy, forbore to disturb him in his holy office. There was a loftiness of soul we were not prepared for. We had looked on the good old man as one whom life's sorrows would bend low,

and to see him thus, so calm, so collected, inspired us with a reverence unusual for us to cherish towards one so gentle as he had been in his intercourse with us. All night he watched by the coffin, seemingly dead to outward objects. His all was before him, and the feet of those who carry out the dead were already at his door. The precious ashes were doubly precious now that they were to be consigned to their kindred dust; and who could deny to the silent sufferer the gratification of thus watching beside his dead.

The day of the funeral dawned. It was a bright autumnal morning. The very earth seemed to shout forth its gladness; every leaf seemed eloquent with life; birds carolled merrily, unconscious of the sorrow upon which their songs were intruding.

The procession marched in solemn silence to the village church, where young and old were already gathered. A soul called from the active associations of city life, passes away unnoticed and unknown. Not so the village burial. One of our own friends—one known to each individual, is laid low, and we miss him everywhere. Though unconnected by the ties of kindred, it is still one of us, and we weep with the sorrowful, as though a pulse in the beating of our own hearts was stopped for ever. In the present case, the fairest flower had been nipped in the bud, and who could refrain from paying the last token of respect to one so dearly loved? Mary used to sit beside her father in the front pew, and by his request her coffin was placed on the seat she had been wont to occupy. The old man sat beside her, and silently communed with his own heart, while our minister improved the opportunity of impressing the lesson of human frailty on the young members of his congregation. Sobs and tears witnessed the sincerity of the sorrow felt by those present, as he traced, step by step, the history of our youthful friend. "In her," said he, was garnered up the hopes of an aged man. He had followed his companion to the tomb, but found his grief partly assuaged by the prattler she left behind. Now, the last link that bound him to life is broken. He has but to set his house in order, and depart in peace. We had expected," continued he, "to see the fair flower not only bud, but bloom. We expected her to minister to the last wants of the father; but lo! he mourns for one that was, yet is not. Yonder coffin contains all that is left of one so dearly

loved. She sleeps in silence, but she sleeps not for ever. The morning of the resurrection shall dawn upon her, and she shall come forth in her glorious beauty, clad in robes of a Saviour's righteousness, and bask in the sunlight of his love. Hers has been a short existence; yet, brief as it was, it was amply sufficient to mould and fashion her after the likeness of her sainted mother. The prayers of the dying were answered. Her mantle had indeed fallen on her. To the father, bowed down, stricken, and afflicted, we know what to say. But be comforted; though cast down, thou shalt rise again, more than conqueror, through him in whom ye trust. Your light is dimmed only; it hath not gone out for ever. You shall find that he to whom you have committed your treasure, will keep it till the last great day." The fervent response of the old man assured us that his faith was in his Redeemer—his portion on high.

The bell pealed forth its solemn tones as we moved to the resting-place of the dead. The coffin was lowered; the gravel fell gratefully at the first; it seemed to break the quiet of the sleeper, on whom it so rudely fell. We lingered till the last sod was placed upon the grave, then returned to our several homes. Some of the neighbors accompanied the deacon to his dwelling, to beguile from him the sense of loneliness he would experience in crossing his threshold for the first time without a glad welcome from his waiting child. She had gone out to return no more. Her merry laugh and light step were wanting as they sat down in the quiet parlor, and conversed in the low tones that accompany the tale of sorrow. Yet the old man murmured not. He returned to his daily vocation, passing in and out before us like one who dreamed.

Sabbath after Sabbath he bent his way to the house of God, and it was often remarked that he forgot that Mary was not beside him. He would hold his book for her to look over, as she used to do when she joined her sweet voice with those who sing praises in the sanctuary, and doubtless her sanctified spirit hovered near, whose soft whispers so beguiled the old man, that to him her presence was a reality. So life passed on. Day by day his step became less firm; his voice lost its deep tone; his eye gaining, meanwhile, in its unearthly brightness. The last Sabbath that he joined us in the sanctuary he seemed to be impressed with the feeling that he was there to take his farewell of the place which

had witnessed his joys and sorrows—his altar on which he had so long offered acceptable sacrifices. It was the day of the holy sacrament. The minister read in slow tones the last words of our Redeemer, as he declared he would drink no more of the fruit of the vine till he drank it new in the kingdom of heaven. The elements were distributed, each one seeming to feel that perhaps it was the last time he would celebrate this solemn feast, till he sat down with the assembled hosts that pluck the fruit growing on the tree of life, and drink from the crystal fountain that springs fast by the throne of the Most High. At the close of the sacred ordinance, as was customary with us, the members of the congregation were invited to speak of the consolation they had derived from its administration. The deacon rose in his place, slowly surveying the expectant audience, as he exclaimed, "Lord, now let thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." With solemn energy he exhorted us to prepare for our coming exchange of time for eternity, closing with the admonition of the wise man, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, or the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." The effort overcame the old man so entirely that he wept aloud. A sympathetic chord vibrated in every bosom, and young and old wept together in the house of prayer. Repentance for sin dwelt on spirits heretofore unmoved, while the hearts of the believing were comforted. Each went his way to muse on the past, and promise better things for the future.

The next Sabbath the coffin of our venerable friend was borne in, and rested before the altar from which he had poured forth, the week previous, his soul-stirring address. The scene was too thrilling to admit of comment. We wept in silence. Our minister vainly essayed to speak; his heart was too full for utterance, and hiding his face in his handkerchief, he sobbed aloud. Truly the death of the good man is an affliction greater than that of the wicked. We bore him to his place beside the dead, and left him there to sleep in quietness, till the trump of the archangel shall bid his ashes revive, and quicken in the perfection of everlasting life.

The hand of grateful remembrance strewed his grave with flowers, and year by year the rose has shed its fragrance above his resting-place. We miss him still, that good old man.

and those of us who shared in his attentions, as we sometimes meet in the homes of our fathers, fail not to speak of the gentle
Troy, 1846.

companion of our youthful sports, the dead Mary, and her venerable father, "our deacon."

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

WHAT! All things, you and I, and every creature, passing with the swiftness of an arrow, with the rapidity of a torrent, to the ocean of eternity? What a thought! Ocean of eternity! All else have their bounds—time, its bounds; man, his bounds; pain, ill, care, death, their bounds; but oh, eternity! We start at the idea—and why! Because we are sinful; else with transport, in view of its glories, we should exclaim, blessed eternity! where the mind will be free, the soul emancipated, ranging through boundless infinity, pursuing new objects, and never tiring in the pursuit—where the volume of the hidden mysteries of earth is opened, all things revealed, mysticisms done away, and the darkest providences of earth thrown open to the view by the sunbeams of eternal truth! Passing away to a world of light and blessedness, where the tear of sorrow no more will dim the eye, nor the sigh of regret heave the bosom—happy, happy thought!—where no contention, no bitterness, no envy, ill-will, selfishness, nor any of the hidden evils of the heart can ever come—where the soul will be holy, happy, rejoicing for ever in a permanent and fixed state of bliss! Passing from earth and all its trials, all its perplexities, where the sensitive heart will no more recoil at the cold breath of unkindness, nor wither beneath a chilling look—where it will no more sink under a hard world, nor struggle for victory over the sins of the inner man! Passing away from scenes of enjoyment, where our seat will be vacant, our voice no

Sag Harbor, L. I., 1846.

longer heard—where our children, occupying our places, will handle the things which were once ours, and in language forcible, say of us, "They have passed away!" Yes, passed away from the light of the sun, moon, and stars. We shall be laid in the dark chamber of the grave, curtained around with the drapery of forgetfulness; laid in the silent tomb, where the night winds will sigh over our sleeping dust, breathing clear strains of that mysterious melody which flows from the wild wood when swayed by the murmuring breeze—passing away from the smiles and caresses of beloved ones, who will listen in vain for our steps and well-remembered voice—passing away to a world of indescribable beauty, in reserve for all who love God! Earth, in her garniture of green, adorned with flowers of varied colors, emblems of heaven, gifts of the Almighty, relieving the curse inflicted upon our fallen world—the heavens blushing in roseate hues, tints so soft they make the spirit weak—the bow of promise arching the skies, inimitable in its blended shades—the trees and shrubs sparkling with rain-drops, "like jewels which the wings of seraphs scatter"—the sun bursting in light from a fleeting cloud, throwing his rays over creation—can never, never compare with those regions of celestial beauty, of unfading loveliness, where the "plumes of the highest angels quiver" with fullness of joy, and the redeemed soul drinks in rich draughts of immortality, and steepes itself in the perfections of God.

TO A VIOLET IN DECEMBER.

BY L. S. HALL.

PRETTY creature, child of May,
Cheering a December day,
Cradled, with thy thousand charms,
In thy foster mother's arms,
Smiling with a childish grace
In her bland, maternal face,
Lifting up thy clear blue eye
Meekly to the wintry sky !
How I love thee, child of May !
Welcome, welcome, here to-day !

O ! thou mind'st me of the time,
When, in less congenial clime,
Far from haunts of busy men,
I have traversed field and glen,
Searching many a luckless place
Flora's gentle steps to trace,
Bounding forth in childish glee
When I found a flower like thee.
Gracing river, nook, or rill,
Plain or woodland, mound or hill.

Sister, thou of those that bloom
Round my dear New England home,
Thou dost send my fancy forth
For her treasures east and north,
And thou breathest in mine ear
Names I dearly love to hear,
Whispering of a chosen band
In that far off pleasant land,
Who have wandered oft with me,
Violet, in search of thee !

Daughter of the sunny south,
Friend of age, and friend of youth,
Couldst thou lift thine azure eye
To New England's rugged sky,
Drest in all thy verdant bloom,
Bearing all thy sweet perfume
On a bleak December day,
'Neath the sun's oblique ray,
O ! how many eyes as fair
Would delight to greet thee there !

But her hills are clad in snow,
And her winds long time ago
Chanted loud, with solemn strain,
Requiems wild to Flora's train ;
They are slumbering till the dawn

Of the spring's restoring morn,
Then her dewy wings she'll shake,
And her balmy breath shall wake
Tenants of a winter's tomb
To a new and beauteous bloom.

Meanwhile WARMEST HEARTS shall glow
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
LIGHTEST FOOT shall glide along,
Keeping time to cheerful song,
GIANT THOUGHTS shall blossom where
Lakes are frozen, trees are bare,
HIGH RESOLVE and NOBLE PLAN,
Worthy of that creature, MAN,
Looking forth to future time—
These shall grace that rugged clime.

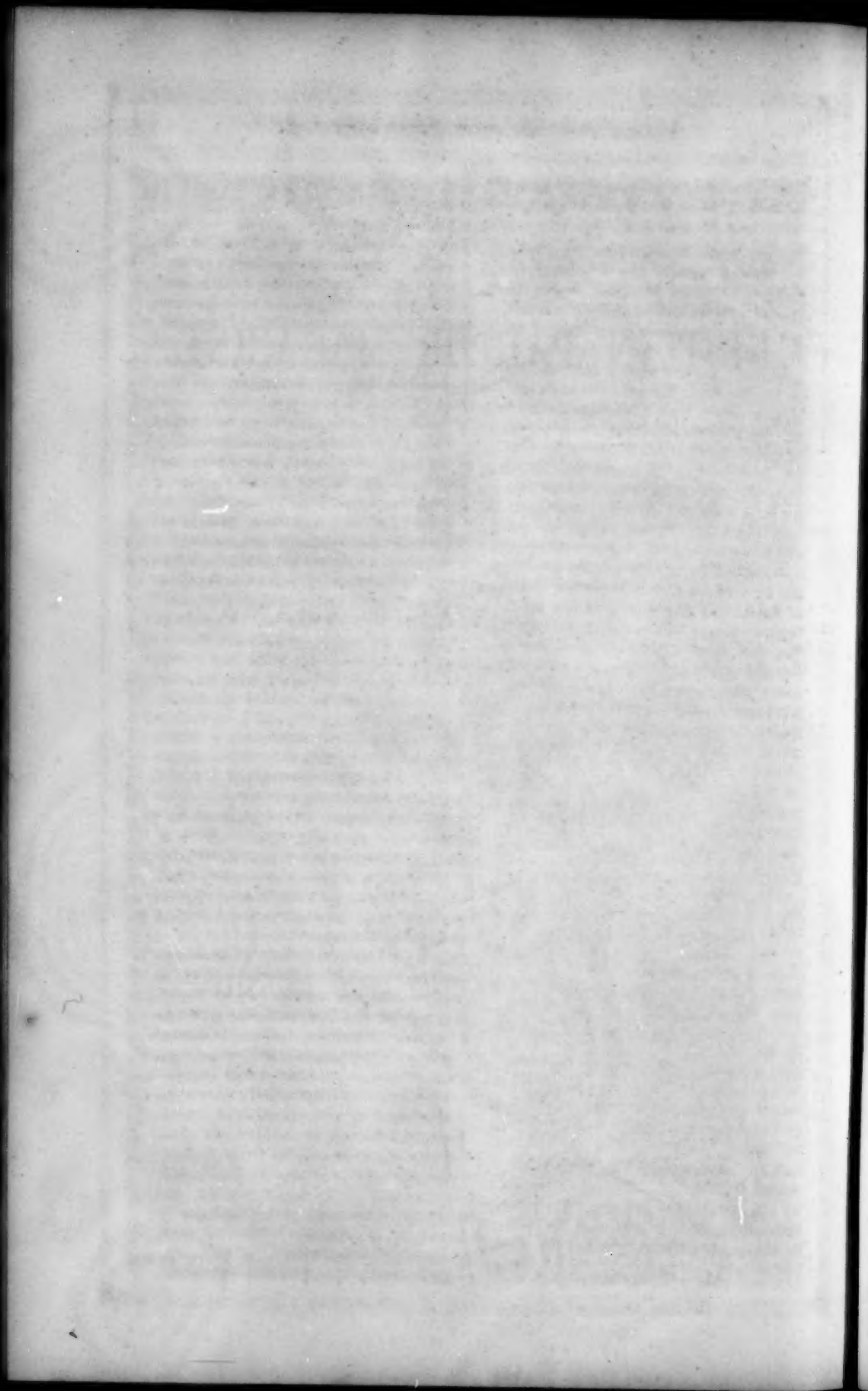
Yet my thoughts to thee will tend,
For thou art a sinless friend,
And my Father's hand I trace
In thy beauty, glowing face ;
Power and wisdom, all divine,
On thy every leaflet shine,
And my Saviour's lessons there
Beam in characters so fair,
Whoso runneth needs must read,
Or his heart is hard indeed.

In thy plain and simple vest,
Thou art more superbly drest
Than the far-famed Solomon
With his kingly glory on,
Though no anxious care or thought,
Toil or wealth, thy mantle bought.
If thy God so clothed thee,
Will he not my guardian be ?
Let me lift, like thee, mine eye
Meekly, trustfully on high.

Let me, in my humble sphere,
Smile on all, as thou dost here,
Blessing haply friend or foe,
Heeding not if high or low,
Joying in the beams of heaven,
Grateful for the dews of even,
In that all-sustaining Hand
Which thy lot and mine hath plan'd,
I, like thee, would joy to lie,
Doing, trusting, till I die.



Lobelia Syphilitica.



THE "OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE" AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRIS. PAR. MAG. :

Having recently met with some of the numbers of your periodical, I was much amused with some pleasant "Reminiscences of a Country Congregation, or the Old White Meeting-House." They brought up to my mind many pleasant scenes and recollections of my boyhood, and gave me some of the pleasure which my old schoolmate must have enjoyed when recalling the scenes and places to which those reminiscences refer. Those old deacons, the fisherman, and old Mrs. Doublebe, all rose up to my mind as I used to see them when the old white meeting-house was standing. When years had passed away, and "good Mr. Rogers" had gone to a distance, and the "Old White Meeting-House" had fallen to decay, I made my first profession of the faith of Christ, and the first love of a forgiven sinner will cause me to look with reverence upon it, although to my better instructed eye it now presents a mass of bad taste. Many years have passed away since last I saw the more modern edifice which occupies its place; death hath swept away almost all those who saw it, and changes have altered the whole face of things; but still, when I think of the place, I see the old white meeting-house, the big tavern opposite, the graveyard, and in short every house as it stood when we used to hear good Mr. Rogers preach.

The object of this introduction is to open the way for a sketch taken from the history of the same congregation relating to my ancestors, which, from its being absolutely true in all its parts, makes it of interest to all who knew the parties. It was published in the year 1802, at the earnest solicitation of many Christian friends, but is possessed by none of the persons of that congregation. A single copy remains in MS. in another branch of the family, beside that in my own possession. It was always esteemed a matter of great interest in the church of which the subject was a member.

It is introduced by the minister of the church at that time, with a short sketch of his life, which is as follows: "He is a man about forty years of age, and has hitherto moved in a respectable sphere of life, his fellow citizens having given public testimony,

in some instances, of their confidence and esteem. But however respectable he has been as a citizen, yet he informs me that in early life his mind was contaminated with deistical sentiments, received from a library rather of that cast. Through the space of about sixteen years he lived a deist, though his moral habits were less impaired than might have been expected from such corrupt principles. About five years ago he moved into this congregation, and became a constituent member. Not only public, but private means were employed to impress his mind with a sense of the truth and importance of the Christian religion; and though I trust these were not without effect, yet nothing seemed to strike deep conviction, till that God, who chooses his own ways and means to accomplish his purposes, added his blessing to this vision of the night. For a long time he endeavored to conceal the anguish of his mind, but in vain. God's truth was like a fire and a hammer within him till he made known his situation. Some time after, he joined in the communion of the church, and has ever since appeared to have an increasing attachment to that cause which he once despised. These things, sir, cheered the hearts of God's people here, roused the thoughtless, and cast a gloom over the face of infidelity." Let me add that he lived after the date of this letter of his pastor ten years, was made an officer of the church, was loved and honored as an eminent Christian, and died of what was known at that day as "the epidemic," in the full consolation of the gospel he professed.

What follows is in his own words, and beside the external evidence of its truth, which can be brought from many now living who know the facts, you will find such internal evidence as will convince you that it is "no figment of the imagination." That it was the means of his conversion, is an evidence that "the finger of God" was in it; but further than this is of little consequence. Few who believe the gospel doubt God's power to make special revelations if he chooses, and whether this is worthy of that name is a question of no importance. It accomplished the errand for which it was sent, and this is all we need to know:

A REMARKABLE DREAM, OR VISION OF THE

NIGHT.—“On the evening of the 27th of October, 1799, it being the Lord’s day, I, J..... F....., after spending the day with a worshipping assembly, returned home, and at my usual hour retired to rest. From some particular circumstances I lodged alone, and in a vision of the night my mind was impressed in an extraordinary manner with the things I shall now briefly narrate.

I thought I was away west of the Mississippi river, in Louisiana, coming eastward to the Ohio country. It appeared to me that I was quite in a wilderness, and had only a blind footpath to direct my way, until at length it closed in with a similar one, out of which came an old grey-headed gentleman, who walked on in company with me. I asked him if that was the road to the Ohio country. He replied, ‘No; this is the road to eternity.’ ‘Well, but I am going to the Ohio country.’ ‘No,’ replied he, “you are going to eternity.” I noticed that on each side of the way small footpaths entered, and that out of each one came a single traveller, and that they all went on the same way with us. At length we came into a very broad and level road. This was crowded with all descriptions of people, young and old, of every nation and of every color. I asked my aged companion whether that was the broad road we read of in the Scriptures, that leads to destruction. He replied, ‘It is.’ I remarked to him that we also read of a straight and narrow path that leads to life, and asked where that was. He said, “We shall come to that presently.” We had not travelled far before the broad road came up to the Mississippi. Here I thought it turned and ran a due north course, on the bank by the side of that river. We travelled this course but a short distance before my venerable companion, pointing forward, asked me if I did not see yonder a narrow foot-bridge leading over the river. I told him I did. That, he said, was the narrow path that leads to life, and asked me if I had a pass or certificate to go over. I told him I did not know; but I recollected distinctly of putting my left hand into my jacket pocket, on that side, taking out a parcel of papers and examining them, until, as I thought, I found one. I then told him I had a pass, and asked him if he had one. He said he had. When we came up to the bridge our passage was obstructed by a narrow and high gate, just within which stood a keeper, clothed with a long white robe. His countenance

was majestic and forbidding, and impressed my mind with the idea that he was more than mortal. My aged companion handed him his certificate through the gate; he read and returned it, opened the gate and let him pass on. I then handed him my pass: he read and returned it, saying it would not carry me over; that I could pass there, but with that could not get more than half way across. In the spirit of confidence I told him that I could get across as well as that old gentleman who had just gone over. He again told me I could not get more than half way over with that pass. I replied that I would risk it if he would let me pass there. He then opened the gate and let me go on. When I had come to the middle of the bridge, both ends thereof gave way, fell, and parted from under me, and I was left standing on one single beam, supported by two posts, in the middle of the river. That I need not fall, I reached my hand down to the beam, and sat down upon it. Casting my eye forward upon the eastern shore, I beheld a city far surpassing in magnificence and beauty anything that I had ever before seen, or that the highest flights of my fancy had reached. The description I can now give of it will be but faint. It was laid out very regularly, the streets crossing each other at right angles, and of a good width. The houses were all built three stories high, with a handsome portico built out between the first and second stories, enclosed with elegant banisters, adorned with the green wood-blind in front. This, from the uniformity and neatness of the houses, afforded two delightful walks, the one above and the other below, from one end of the streets to the other. The houses were all painted white, and the banisters of the walks a bright green. Just in front of these porticoes there was, on each side of the street, a delightful walk of a green grass-plot. Between this and the pavement there was a row of elegant trees, clothed in verdure. The middle of the streets were paved in an extraordinary manner with white and clouded marble, laid in the form of diamonds, interspersed with something which was transparent, and had the appearance of gold as to its color and lustre. I saw the inhabitants walking the streets very pleasantly, and they appeared to be infinitely happy. They were all clothed with robes as white as the driven snow, and on their heads they had crowns adorned with glittering diamonds. I saw their golden harps, and heard them unite

their vocal and instrumental music in singing an anthem which I myself once learned, and which was set to the following words :

'Lo! he cometh, countless trumpets blow before
the bloody sign;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels, see the
crucified shine,' &c.

I heard them distinctly, and the music was harmonious and transporting beyond all description. While I thus gazed with admiration on the above objects, one of the inhabitants, whom I shall call an angel, drew near and stood upon the bank of the river. I thought that the river was quite narrow, though its channel was vastly deep, and that I was very high above the surface of the stream, for its banks appeared to be solid rocks, and to rise perpendicularly from the river to the height of eighty or one hundred feet. As the river was narrow and I half the distance across it, the angel who stood on the bank was not far from me. I asked him if he would help me over. He said he could not, but if I would go to V—T,* the tanner (who is a neighbor of mine, and in the communion of the church), he would give me advice whereby I might come there at a future period. I remarked that this was like St. Paul's conversion, and then asked him if that city was the New Jerusalem which we read of in the Scriptures. He said no—that this was only the first heavens. I inquired if there were in reality a Saviour, informing him that I had formerly disbelieved it. He assured me there was a Saviour, and that I might rely on it as a fact; that Jesus Christ had been into the world, and had suffered for sinners. I inquired whether the Saviour resided in that city. He said no; he resided in the third heavens, of which this is like but the suburbs, but comes down to meet the worshipping assembly twice every day; and asked me if I saw a large building in the midst of the city. I looked and beheld two very broad streets crossing each other at right angles in the centre of the city, and there stood a very superb and magnificent building, adorned with lofty pillars, curiously wrought, and large brazen or golden arches. In short, it just answered to the idea I had before formed of Solomon's Temple. There, the angel said, the Saviour came and worshipped twice a day, and those who conducted well should, after one thousand years, be admitted to dwell

* Vanslate.

in his more immediate presence in the third heavens. I asked him if the trees we saw were those we read of in the Scriptures, the leaves whereof were for the healing of the nations. He said they were. I remarked to him that I saw nothing answering to the description given us in Scripture of a place of torment for the wicked, and asked him where that was. Pointing with the hand, he says, 'Look to the north, and you will see.' I looked, and beheld a more awful smoke than I had ever before seen. It rose thick and black, as from a volcano, and ascended in large columns, rolling and curling in a tremendous manner, and it extended east and west beyond the reach of sight. But, said I, there is no fire appears. 'Look down,' said the angel, 'and you will discover it.' I did so, and beheld a great burning lake, so extensive that no opposite shore could be discovered. It had the appearance of red-hot melted iron, and was exceedingly troubled. It rose in great surges of liquid flames, and sank in large whirlpools. I observed to the angel that, as it burned so furiously, it appeared to me it must be exhausted in time. 'No,' said he, 'it is supplied with rivers of fire.' 'Rivers of fire!' said I; 'where can they come from?' He replied, 'Look to the south and you will see.' I looked, and saw two very high mountains, out of the tops of which issued flames and smoke. 'What,' said I, 'these are Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius, are they not?' 'No,' said he; 'there are such mountains on earth, but these are not those mountains.' 'On earth?' said I; 'why, we are on earth.' 'No,' said he, 'this is only a vision.' 'Well, but this is a reality,' said I, 'for I am awake as much as ever I was.' 'No,' said he, 'this is nothing but a vision.' 'But where,' said I, 'can these mountains communicate with the lake, seeing that lies to the north and they to the south?' He said, 'Look beneath you, and you will see.' I cast my eyes down, and beheld the river that flowed beneath me was a liquid flame of the same appearance as the lake above described. This alarmed me, and I felt as one standing on a slippery place, and fiery billows rolling below. I thought it would burn the bottoms of the posts off, and let me down; but after viewing a little while, and not experiencing the fate I had expected, my fears began to subside. I then asked the angel what had become of the multitude I saw in the broad road. He told me they had all plunged into

the great lake, for those who passed the narrow gate could in no way avoid it. As I was very anxious to get across, not only on account of my unhappy situation, but more on account of the loveliness of the place present before me, I renewed my request that he would help me over. He said he could not, but that if I followed the advice which he gave me before, I should come there at a future period. I told him I would. The beam I sat on then moved gradually back with me, till it gently struck the western shore, and I stepped off and awoke. I immediately rose up in my bed, and so strong were the impressions on my mind, that I still supposed myself to be on the bank of the Mississippi, and actually turned round to look for the beautiful city I had just seen on the opposite shore; but the clock striking two, I recognized the bell, and was thus brought home. I immediately arose and dressed my-

self, thinking to go directly, though at such an unseasonable hour of the night, to my neighbor for advice as directed, though at the distance of two miles. But considering that the vision was more striking to me than the relation of it would be to others—that to some it might appear unimportant, and by others be made the subject of derision, I revealed it to none but my wife until more than six months had elapsed. The effect it had on my mind was truly wonderful. For some weeks I could scarcely think of anything else, and was hardly capable of arranging my own business. At length I opened my mind to the Rev. Mr. — (the minister of the parish), and after frequent conversations with him and others, during the space of some weeks, I obtained the consolation which, I trust, the world can neither give nor take away.”

T. B. F.

Lawrenceburgh, Ind.

GETHSEMANE.

(SEE PLATE.)

GETHSEMANE (the oil press, or valley of oil) is a village at the foot of the Mount of Olives, to which the Saviour of the world sometimes retired, and in a garden belonging to which, often visited by him for purposes of devotion, he endured that remarkable agony, the night of his betrayal by Judas and his arrest by the agents of his enemies. “I would desire grace,” says Dr. Hawker, “that by faith I might often visit Gethsemane; and while traversing the hallowed ground, call to mind that it was here Jesus entered upon that spiritual conflict with the powers of darkness, which, when finished, completed the salvation of his

people. Sacred Gethsemane! The wide world contains no spot so full of tender and soul-subduing associations.” The Christian should often in spirit retire to that memorable retreat. When burdened with sorrow, let him think how light is his burden compared with that of the Man of Sorrows; when buffeted by spiritual enemies, let him remember that here Jesus vanquished them all; when tempted to repine, let him recollect that here Jesus, under a pressure of calamity which forced the big drops of blood from every pore, said, “Not my will, but thine be done!”

OLD MAIDS.

THERE is scarcely an epithet more revolting than that of "old maids." Few females have moral courage enough to meet the charge unmoved, and various expedients are devised to screen themselves from the dreaded appellation. The most strenuous efforts are made to lengthen out the period of youth, and to hide the inroads made by the withering touch of time. Many a one, too, in apprehension that she was nearing the fearful state, has thrown herself away, or in other words, has bartered her happiness for a husband, thus desecrating this most sacred relation, and deliberately perjurying herself, by promising love and obedience to one whom she did not, and could not love, nor willingly obey.

Why there should be so great a dread of this state, was to me, in my younger days, a great mystery; but as years have passed over my head, and I have become acquainted with the world as it is, I wonder no longer. It is not strange that there should be a shrinking back from a state which, it is believed, will dry up the natural sources of enjoyment, and so metamorphose the character; that it will become a compound of spleen, caprice, and fastidiousness, thus rendering the individual who is suspected of entering this class a fit subject of the "world's dread laugh." Whether this view of the subject be correct or not, something of this sort is the condition of the old maid, and no wonder young persons shrink from it, and fly to what they regard as the only remedy—matrimony. Nor can it be denied that to a superficial observer, this view might seem the correct one; neither would it be strange if those who believe character to be the result of circumstances, should imagine that the necessary consequence of a state of single blessedness was a disposition distinguished for narrowness, stiffness, and peevishness. Mankind seem strongly inclined to attribute to a class the characteristics of a few, and to judge of the many by specimens that have fallen under their own observation. This, as far as rational beings are concerned, is an unsafe way of judging, since character is not the result of circumstances, and "happiness in no condition lies." It is indeed true that certain conditions in life have a greater tendency to promote happiness than others, and that character often takes its cast from circumstances; but neither furnish an excuse

for the exercise of wrong feelings, or the practice of wrong actions. In a single life there are undoubtedly strong temptations to the cast of character usually ascribed to old maids, though no one would consider the temptation an excuse for the character; there are also reasons for their being often sad and solitary, but none that furnish an apology for the indulgence of gloom and discontent. Some, even old maids, "carry sunshine with them," though everything around is dark and dreary; while others contrive to overshadow the brightest scenes with gloom and despondency. And here I cannot refrain from giving a tale of truth, sketched from real life, as an illustration of this and a lesson to the young, to show that character and happiness do not result from external condition, but from the state of the heart.

Some years since, I became acquainted with two ladies, sisters, who, in common parlance, were denominated old maids. They were the daughters of a clergyman, who had for half a century ministered to the congregation in which they then resided, and they had therefore grown up with the good people around them, and, according to the good puritan custom of New England, were looked up to with peculiar respect as the minister's children. Their parents had, several years before, been removed by death, but the sisters still occupied the old family mansion, and still held a warm place in the affections of the people. Blessed with a competence, and rich in treasures which money cannot purchase, it would seem that in their loneliness they might have been happy. The various pleasures enumerated by the poet, "health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace," were theirs; still, in my first interview with them, I observed a marked difference in them—the countenance of the one being open, calm, and cheerful, the other expressive of uneasiness and gloom; the one was easy and interesting in conversation, the other taciturn, and often incoherent; and further acquaintance showed, that though both were old maids, the one was lovely and attractive, the other disagreeable and repulsive. And why this difference? I could not then tell; but years passed, and I saw them again. Time had laid on them his withering finger, and one affliction after another had visited them; still the elder, now in her fif-

tieth year, was bright and cheerful as a morning in spring, while the countenance of the younger was overshadowed with gloom and sullen discontent. A fond brother had been removed by death, their property was gone, and the old mansion, endeared to them by a thousand associations, they had been obliged to surrender into the hands of strangers. I found them in a little cottage not far from their former residence, and compelled to labor diligently to obtain a livelihood. Still, the one was as calm and contented as before, while the other was more fully the prey of vexation and disappointment. Again I thought, why this difference?—why is the countenance of the one expressive of peace and joy, while that of the other is marked with lines of care and withering discontent? I watched them closely, and in my continued intercourse their peculiar characteristics were fully developed. In conversation, I found Mary, the elder, always delighting to dwell on topics of interest and importance, while herself and her own trials seemed quite forgotten. Her heart was full of interest in whatever tended to promote the great cause of benevolence, ingenious in devising schemes of usefulness, and active in doing what she could to make the world better and happier. Hers was not the cold charity which says, "depart in peace, be ye warmed and be ye filled." Her means were indeed small, but her heart was large, so that while she had little to give, she found much to do. A violent epidemic raging at that time, gave me a better opportunity of learning her character, and showed that she could act as well as feel, and that she was ever ready to listen to the calls of suffering humanity. In these visits of mercy, however, her sister took no interest. It was as much as she could do, she said, "to take care of number one;" nor did she seem at all interested in anything but her own single self. I seem even now to have her image before me; her eyes intent only on the palm-leaf she was braiding, and her ears apparently closed against all sounds, while a dark lowering expression clouded her brow, and a look of sullen discontent brooded over her face. Yet she could talk, and she sometimes dwelt most pathetically upon the "misery to be endured in this cold, unfriendly world." She could spend hours in exposing the marked neglect with which she had been treated by the merchant's wife, and the very great partiality which the minister showed to her sister; and

sometimes she would burst out into a violent passion because Mary seemed so calm and happy, while she was so full of trouble and vexation. Whatever subject was introduced, if she spoke she was sure to bring it round to herself, and, if possible, to find something of evil in it. There was not a person in the whole parish but that had plotted something of mischief towards her, or had, on some occasion, been guilty of some neglect to her, unless, indeed, it was old aunt Betty G., who was her companion in suffering, and who seemed to have a sort of sympathy for her, as much, indeed, as one supremely selfish person can have for another. To sum up her character, it was a compound of ill-nature, disgust, and selfishness; there was not room in her little soul for one expansive and noble emotion, for every thought, desire, and feeling was exhausted upon her own single self, and nothing seemed to give her so much chagrin and misery as to see others happy. She had enjoyed equal advantages of education with her sister, but she had not improved them—and why? Because she had no desire for knowledge, and no motive to study but to please herself. She might have had the friendship of the good people of the parish, but she did not care to take the trouble to make herself agreeable to them, for she considered it their duty to try to please her; but so difficult was the task, that they soon tired in their efforts. She might, with her sister, have enjoyed the sweets of friendship; but this could not be, as she could not love anybody who did not love her supremely, and neglect every duty in a supreme devotion to her pleasure. As selfishness has no sympathy with benevolence, so she could have no sympathy with her kind-hearted and self-denying sister. This, it will be said, is an extreme case, and I hope it is. Mrs. Fry says there are few persons but that have multiplied themselves into some three or four, or more persons; but it is to be feared there are many who love others only as belonging to themselves, or for some benefit they have received or expect to receive from them; and who, if these few should be removed by death, or give their affections to some other, or devote themselves to the good of their fellow creatures; yes, there are those who would feel as wretched as Susan C., and who could think of nothing that would soothe their sorrows but matrimony, or the finding of some person who would bestow upon them supreme affec-

tion, and who would live only for them. Mary, in the same state of loneliness and sorrow, was one of the happiest of beings—and why? Because she lived not for herself alone—because her heart was full of love—love to God and love to man, and therefore, though bereft of affectionate parents and a doating brother—though left alone with a sister who would, if she could, have poisoned every cup of joy, still she was happy, for she possessed that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. She sought not merely her own pleasure, her own profit, or convenience, but her great aim and her supreme enjoyment seemed best promoted in promoting the good and the happiness of her fellow creatures. At home and abroad, in sickness and in health, in prosperity or in adversity, she was ever the same, meek and gentle, patient and forbearing, self-denying

and disinterested; her tears were shed “for others woes,” whilst she smiled upon her own.

May this simple narrative lead the youthful female to a more correct view of what should be the great object before her in life, and induce her, instead of aiming merely at her own selfish gratification, and living only to be flattered and admired, to study to be useful, and to promote the happiness of all around her; may it convince her that the conquest of her own evil passions is an object of infinitely higher importance than the conquest of an admirer, and that woman is truly honorable, truly worthy, and truly happy, whatever her condition, if she consecrate all the powers of body and soul to the service of Jesus, and thus become a ministering spirit on earth, whilst she is ripening for the companionship of angels in heaven.

THE LYRE OF NATURE.

BY ALEXANDER MACDOWELL.

“Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields—
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?”

BENTLEY.

I.
How beautiful and grand the Dædal world
From out the blind abyss of Chaos sprung,
And Light her radiant banner far unfurled
Ere yet the clear sun in the heavens was hung!
Thus, one unbounded sea of dazzling light,
Whose silver billows through the desert air,
Majestic, rolling in effulgence bright,
From east to west dissolve the darkness there,
And scatter hence the grim Cimmerian reign of Night.

II.
In Day the blue hills heavenward rose,
As seeming fond to kiss Jove’s sapphire throne,
While gather’d Ocean, loving not repose,
Sent forth his voice to earth’s remotest zone;
And then, obedient to The Spirit’s will,
The Hours commenc’d their march sublime,
And all the crystal spheres rang out the chime,—
While Nature in her dull veins felt the thrill,
And waking into life, from sleep, did start,
And burst the bars that bound her mighty heart.

III.
From cloudless skies, on am’rous wing,
First lit on earth the virgin Spring;
O’er many a plain and mountain green,
Where foot of man had never been,
Merrily flew the Pilgrim Queen;
And o’er her bosom’s softened glow,
Where living roses bloom and blow,
A cinctured scarf she loosely threw,
That gleaming, shone with starry dew—
The Emerald with the Iris blooming there
(Bright colors woven in the air),
And wave-like, on the wandering Zephyr curl’d,
A fairy phantom o’er the solitary world.

IV.
So now a strain, half song, half prayer,
Pervaded Earth, and Sea, and Air:
On Mountain tops the leafy Trees
Now learned to woo the truant Breeze;
Here, down the vales, o’er moss and stone,
The silver Streamlet’s soothing tone
To the blue sea—away, away—
Went singing ’neath the blessed ray;
And there, look on yon winding thing
That roams in beauty, chequering
Thro’ sun and shade—nor sleep, nor rest,
Was ever known to still its breast!
Oh! noble, onward marching River,
Thy Orphic strains arise for ever!
The world is full of song!

On heath, or moor, or mountain—
By desolate Spring, or shady Fountain,
And all the hidden solitudes among,
Dwells the Goddess of Eternal Song;
Her universal Lyre, it sings
The wide world all around;
The summer winds drop from its strings,
In many a sweet entrancing sound.

v.

When from the glowing vales of Paradise
The crimson-mantled Morn doth rise,
All Nature wakens at the call—
The green leaves and the smiling flowers
In beauty wave beneath the bowers
Where birds sing to the Sun a madrigal.
How fair the scene! Beside the woodland spring
The Wind amid the tresses of the willow tree,
In *Eolian* strains doth lowly, sadly sing
The soft, seraphic air of Nature's minstrelsy;
And then the Naiads, who, as Poet's dream,
Dwell deep beneath the pebble-paven stream,
And fondly, in their unseen Mosaic cave,
Half-trembling, wooes the chirping wave;
And lo! the love-born lily of the rill
Hangs dreaming o'er her queenly image still!
Oh, paly flower! fond, weeping thing,
With love that seems so much like sorrowing,
Still to the waves thy tears are showering.

vi.

Imagination! on thine airy car
Oh bear me to some realm afar,
Where skies are clear, and full of balm—
Some island on the lone blue sea
That sleeps in beauty still and calm,
Fast by the shores of Araby!—
Some spot where mortals never intervene
To mar fond Nature reigning there,
Who hung her groves in evergreen,
And scented sweet the desert air;
There, in the twilight's stillly hour,
From many a palm-wreathed bower,
Soft sounds and hallowed symphonies
Upon the ear all gently dies;
And when the sun fades down the west,
The high voice of the nightingale
Is heard to lull him to his rest
In many a magic tale;

NEW YORK, 24th August, 1846.

While every vernal, wandering breeze
That skims the surface of the seas
Sweet odors on its aerial wing
Athwart the laving waters fling—
Those clasping waves that bluely smile
In deathless beauty round the Isle.

vii.

'Tis said, beneath those emerald waves
The genti and the Peri dwell,
And nightly, from their sparry caves,
Their syren strains are heard to swell;
But that is Fancy; o'er the shining sea
Presides the bright-hair'd Queen of Melody.

viii.

O Love! thou heaven-born thing,
That over all hast spread thy brooding wing—
In every season, and in every clime,
Is heard thy sweet interminable chime.
By thee the spirit Breeze is taught to blow
In Summer and in Winter, high or low;
The Brook still gliding on as freshly as of yore
Repeats the same old stories o'er and o'er;
Dim centuries may pass and come again,
But thou, immortal, over all shalt reign.
Thou kindling essence, thy Promethean ray
Is felt and seen by night as well as day!

ix.

How beautiful art thou, oh solemn Night!
When hills and plains are bathed in Cynthia's light,
And thickly 'mid the cloudless ether blue
The Summer Stars—bright things—are meeting through,
And pearly dews fall from the silent spheres,
So holy, that they seem like Angels' tears.

x.

Now turn thine eye upon yon azure sea;
Look how his deep heart throbbeth far and free!
And ever, with his deathless, dark-blue eye,
Looks on his Queenly Bride within the sky;
She smiles—she glows—upon his bosom bare,
In shining radiance, streams her yellow hair;
A mystic charm seems reigning over all;
The world is wrapt in Beauty's silver thrall.
This all-pervading Love—this harmony,
How grand—how beautiful! a homely,
Which God, in Nature's book to Man has given,
To mould and purify his soul for heaven.

LIFE A VAPOR.

HUMAN life, like the transient vapor of the morning, or the mist on the mountain side, will soon pass away and be gone. "Generation after generation," says an eloquent writer, "have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The throbbing heart will be stifled, and we be at rest. Our funeral will

wind on its way, and our friends will return, and we shall be left to darkness. And it may be for a short time that we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the place in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our names."

GEMS FROM THE CECIL MINES.

BY S. J. PRIME.

READING the writings and observations of Richard Cecil is like walking in a valley strewn with jewels; or rather, it is like walking under the evening sky with the *gems of heaven* radiant above.

Yet there is nothing so *brilliant* in Cecil as such a comparison might seem to indicate. It is the mild and lovely beauty of truth, happily and clearly set, that meets the eye on every page; apples of gold in pictures of silver are his words, the words of the wise.

A friend calls on him when he is expecting that Mrs. Cecil, his beloved wife, would shortly die. He was in his study, sitting over his Bible in great sorrow. His tears fell so fast that he could only utter broken sentences. He said, among other things, "My hope is still firm in God. He who sends the stroke will bear me up under it; and I have no doubt but if I saw the whole of his design, I should say, let her be taken! Yet, while there is life, I cannot help saying, spare her another year, that I may be a little prepared for her loss. I know I have higher ground of comfort; but I shall deeply feel the taking away of the dying lamp. Her excellence as a wife and mother I am obliged to keep out of sight, or I should be overwhelmed. All I can do is to go from text to text, as a bird from spray to spray. Our Lord said to his disciples, '*Where is your faith?*' God has given her to be my comfort these many years, and shall I not trust him for the future?"

The sensibility of soul which these remarks betray is still more clearly apparent in such expressions as these: "My spirits never sink, yet I have a strong dash of melancholy. It is a high and exquisite feeling. When I first awoke in the morning, I could often weep with pleasure. The holy calm, the silence, the freshness thrilled through my soul. The man who has never felt this, cannot be made to understand what I mean."

With a natural tendency to levity, he was yet haunted with melancholy. To guard against both extremes was a study that brings out some of the finest points of his character. He loved to play on the violin. The tempta-

tion was strong to indulge in it more than was right, and he restricts himself to fifteen minutes a day; but this was tampering with the temptation, and he cuts the strings! He called to see a sick friend, and a beautiful painting in the chamber fascinated him, and diverted his mind from the patient. From that time he mortified his taste for paintings, lest they should turn his mind from duty.

Cecil was a strong man, and it is delightful to observe how his strength is always clothed in beauty, so that we admire while we feel his power. This is one of the happiest faculties in a writer and speaker. Thus he throws off a fine thought in such words as these: "The grandest operations, both in nature and in grace, are the most silent and imperceptible. The shallow brook babbles in its passage, and is heard by every one; but the coming in of the seasons is silent and unseen. The storm rages and alarms, but its fury is soon exhausted, and its effects are partial and soon remedied; but the dew, though gentle and unheard, is immense in quantity, and the very life of large portions of the earth. And these are pictures of the operations of grace in the church and in the soul."

"Adam well observes, 'A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had.' Men of the world know nothing of true glory; they know nothing of the grandeur of that sentiment, '*Thou, O God, art the thing I long for!*' You may, perhaps, find this sentiment in the corner of some monastery, where a poor Christian is mumbling over his prayers; or it may even be found to exist with the nonsense and fanaticism of a Swedenborgian; but wherever it is, it is true dignity.

"Look at the bravery of the world! Go into the Park. Who is the object of admiration there? The captain swelling and strutting at the head of his corps! And what is there at the court? 'Make way! make way!' And who is this? A bit of clay with a ribbon tied round it! Now it makes nothing against the comparative emptiness and littleness of these things, that I or any man should

be ensnared by them, and play the fool with the rest of the species. Truth is truth and dignity is dignity, in spite of the errors and follies of any man living.

"Bishop Wilkins has said admirably, 'that nothing in man is great, but so far as it is connected with God.' The only wise thing recorded of Xerxes is his reflection on the sight of his army—that not one of that immense multitude would survive a hundred years. It seems to have been a momentary gleam of true light and feeling."

Hear him again on another theme. He is speaking of the difference in the natural constitution of men: "Look at Martin Luther: we may see the man every day: his eyes, and nose, and mouth attest his character. Look at Melancthon; he looks like a snail with a couple of horns: he puts out his horns and feels, and feels, and feels. No education could have rendered these two men alike. Their difference began in the womb. Luther dashes in saying his things: Melancthon must go round about; he must consider what the Greek says, and what the Syriac says. Some men are born minute men, lexicographers, of a German character: they will hunt through libraries to rectify a syllable. Other men are born keen as a razor; they have a sharp, severe, strong acumen; they cut everything to pieces; their minds are like a case of instruments; touch which you will, it wounds; they crucify a modest man. The greater the capacity of such men, the greater their cruelty. They ought to blunt their instruments; they ought to keep them in a case."

Cecil is raised from a bed of sickness, and as he reviews the dealings of God, he says: "O affliction! when sent to instruct, thou becomest a deep and faithful casuist! Of many past transactions and present habits, I said, 'It is nothing,' or 'it is settled.' Thou bringest the book again before me. What errors in the account! what blindness in the adjustment! Poor bankrupt! I said 'I was rich and increased in goods,' and behold I am miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

"Pain makes me peevish; so trifles and peevishness add to the pain. Thus sin haunts and darkens the gloom of a sick-chamber. On the other hand, I have repeated conviction that, as I recover a spirit of faith and prayer, I become patient, and light and comfort, even under pain, return."

"For a short space I had a most lively

view of the beauty and glory of Christ and his salvation. The Sun of Righteousness arose on my soul with healing in his wings. I felt not only a sense of pardon and peace that exceeded all earthly joys, but was deeply convinced that all the pain I had suffered, through the late dispensation, was in order to humble, and purify, and prepare me for himself and his kingdom. I shed tears of joy, till a roving imagination brought a certain ignorant and conceited professor [of religion] before me, with whom I entered into a dispute for a few minutes, which left my heart cold and dead. I perceived my loss, and made efforts to recover my former frame, but in vain."

"'Return unto thy rest, O my soul.' I feel this is the grand secret for obtaining peace in a world of sin and sorrow. When the heart turns away from the confusions and disturbances to which it is continually exposed, and taking wings flies to the bosom of God—when the voice of Christ walking on the troubled waters is heard, 'It is I, be not afraid'—this is peace!"

"While life is wasting and souls are perishing, I may yet earnestly plead with the psalmist, 'Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.' I may sing with the poet:

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Does my dull husbandry improve;
Oh! let thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work, too, and on my soul
Drop from above!

Oh! come, for thou dost know the way;
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above!

These lines are from the good old Herbert, whose spirit must love the company of Cecil's, now that they are brothers in glory. How sweet Heaven must be, "when saints of all ages in harmony meet," mingling their pure desires and finding joy together at the feet of Christ. I often think that one of the highest delights of that blissful abode will be the privilege of forming the acquaintance of good men, whose writings have made their memory revered and loved. Cecil will be there, and his mind that was here so bright and pure,

will there be overflowing for ever with beauties to which these gems are dull. It will be a paradise where he, and Herbert, and Cowper, and David, and John, with the precious

Saviour, meet! What would one Sabbath be with such men! But that will be eternity! ETERNITY!!

THE BLUE LOBELIA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC NAME.—*Lobelia syphilitica*; Class V., *Pentandria*; Order I., *Monogynia*; Natural Order, *Lobeliaceae*.

Generic Character.—Calyx five-cleft: corol monopetalous, irregular, often irregularly slitted, inserted into the calyx, five-lobed, or deeply five-cleft: anthers curved, cohering: pollen oval: stigma two-lobed; capsule two or three-celled.

Specific Character.—Erect, simple, hirsute, with short hairs; leaves alternate, without stipules, lance-ovate, sub-serrate; calyx hirsute, with reflexed sinuses. It grows about two feet high. The blossoms are blue, and appear in July. Perennial.

Geography.—It is found in the Middle, Western, and New England States.

Properties.—All the plants in this natural order are of suspicious and dangerous character, in consequence of the excessive acridity of their milky juice. The *Lobelia tupa* of Chili yields a very dangerous poison. "The *Lobelia Longiflora*, a native of some of the West India Islands, is one of the most venomous of plants. The Spanish Americans call it Rebenta Cavellos, because it proves fatal to horses that eat it, swelling them until they burst. Taken internally, it acts as a violent cathartic, the effects of which no remedy can assuage, and which end in death. The leaves are an active vesicatory."* It is said that the Indians once used the *Lobelia syphilitica* with great and certain success, but its virtues are now generally discredited.

* Lindley.

Remarks.—This plant is named in honor of M. De Lobel, a distinguished botanist of Germany. Several species of the *Lobelia* are very ornamental, especially the *L. syphilitica* and the *L. cardinalis*, and these being perennial and hardy, may easily be cultivated in gardens and ornamental grounds. The *L. crinis* is a pretty trailing plant, and yields its beautiful blue flowers in abundance through the summer.

Sentiment.—The delusive smile.

Although this species of the *Lobelia* has very delicate, smiling blossoms, yet if it be tasted, an exceedingly acrid and disgusting sensation, like that produced by tobacco, remains in the mouth for a long time: therefore it is considered a fit emblem of the smile of hypocrisy, and is made to personify itself by using the following enticing language:

O come to the bank where my blue blossoms smile;

How can ye suspect a fair creature of guile?
Recline on my bed, and enjoy the cool breeze;
Think not I can fail my admirers to please.

They say that I act the vile hypocrite's part—
That I smile while I cherish a bane in my heart;
But why should ye list to the slanderer's tongue,
And ever be smarting before ye are stung?

Come, come to the bank where my blue blossoms smile;

No longer suspect a fair creature of guile;
Recline on my bed and enjoy the cool breeze,
For sure I'll not fail my admirers to please.

NEMUS.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

"BRING FLOWERS."—It is wonderful how a flower, it may be the meanest one by the roadside, will sometimes preach to one's heart, and fill it with thoughts and emotions that seem to come up from the dim, dreamy, "long time ago" of childhood's innocent hours. Did you never, gentle reader, feel constrained to stoop and pluck the dandelion, and brushing off the dust that had gathered upon it, look on its unfragrant and homely face as upon that of an old friend whom you knew and sported with, when you rolled upon the grass near your childhood's home? We are foolish enough to do just so, at times, and we have heard worse sermons than those of the flower. Did you never, at an upper window of some poor dwelling in a lane or narrow court of the city, observe a broken tea-pot, with a sprig of geranium, or a rose, or a verbenia, sustained by a rude rail? You may be sure, says a pious writer, that some poor old soul dwells there who has been transplanted by hard necessity into the cheerless privations of that home from some fresh cottage, where the spring bubbled up in crystal beauty in the well, where the grass, sown with daisies and buttercups, approached even to the door step, and the free breeze of heaven blew all around her. We never see a flower nursed under such circumstances by the poor denizen of the city, without a feeling of pleasure, and a sort of confidence that the flower is a wise, beautiful, and tender inmate, repaying the hand that tends it with silent ministries of love, reviving sweet yet mournful memories; ever as it blossoms recalling some past gladness, and as it fades becoming a *memento mori* to its too thoughtless mortal companion.

GEMS FROM COLERIDGE.—Of pure poetry, strictly so called, that is to say, consisting of nothing but its essential self, without conventional and perishing helps, Coleridge was, says Leigh Hunt, the greatest master of his time. We agree cordially with this appreciating admirer of C., that no man has written whole poems of equal length so perfect in all respects, and that leave on the ear and heart so unbroken and single an effect. We have thought sometimes of seating ourselves to the task of culling some of the gems in his writings for those of our readers who may not be familiar with him, but our narrow space in this Miscellany forbids it. Take, however, one or two:

O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert sands rise up
And shape themselves; from earth to heaven they stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit

Is fled; the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snails trail o'er the level ruins!

And this from the "Picture:"

How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
Each in the other lost and found; and see,
Placeless as spirits, one soft water-sun
Throbbing within them, heart at once and eye,
With its soft neighborhood of filmy clouds,
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o'erawm with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment following love's brief feuds.

How sweetly musical this:

It cease'd; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon—
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

The image in the following, from Christabel, is impressive:

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted, ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between, &c.

A neat pocket volume, containing the cream of Coleridge's poetry, would be inestimable. Who will produce it?

JEAN PAUL.—The true doctrine of happiness is well stated in Jean Paul's preface to his *Quintus Fixlien*, in which he discloses the purpose for which he writes: "That I may show to the whole earth that we ought to value little joys more than great ones; the night-gown more than the dress coat; that Plutus' heaps are worth less than his handfuls; and that not great but little good-haps can make us happy. Can I accomplish this, I shall, through my book, bring up a race of men finding refreshment in all things. You perceive my drift is, that man may become a little tailor-bird, which, not amid the crashing boughs of the storm-tost, roaring, immeasurable tree of life, but upon one of its leaves, sews itself a nest together, and there lies snug." Quaintly expressed, but sound, common sense philosophy, this.

THE FATHER IS COMING.

The following is in Mary Howitt's best vein:

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on!

The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold space,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toll, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear!

Stay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes,
His wishes are so few!
Would they were more, that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way!

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him!

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden-gate;
Run little Bess and open the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father at the threshold stands.

HOME AFFECTIONS.—Speaking of the private correspondence between Sir John Eliot and John Hampden, who had charge of Eliot's sons while the latter lay in prison, Forster, in his *British Statesmen*, has this remark: "The secret of their public exertions is here expressed. It is by the strength and right direction of the private affections that we are taught the duty of serving mankind. The more intense the faculty of enjoyment and comfort in the narrow circle of family regards, the more readily is its indulgence sacrificed in behalf of the greater family of man. The lofty patriotism of Eliot in the House of Commons is explained by the tender sweetness of these letters from the Tower." Paradoxical as this may seem, all experience corroborates the sentiment. It would be difficult to find either in English history or our own an eminent patriot whose home affections had not in early life been remarkably developed and disciplined. The salvation and glory of the state have ever rested upon a wise home influence, and without this, constitutional forms and Magna Chartas are mere waste paper.

POEMS BY AMELIA.—We are pleased to see that

a second edition of these delightful poems has been called for, and that Appleton & Co. have responded, producing the work in an enlarged and beautiful form. It is understood that Amelia is the assumed name of Mrs. Welby, of Louisville, Ky., whose productions first made their appearance in one of the daily journals of that city, and were immediately reprinted all over the country, and read with great delight. An appreciating critic says of the volume: "There is no preface to tell us who Amelia is, yet there are traces in it which bespeak the young wife. It is dedicated to a beloved father; perhaps her mother has joined the 'departed;' and then there are odes to sleeping infants, which a mother could only write, and stanzas to sisters which reveal the deep sources of feeling in the heart of the sweet singer. It is impossible to read the volume without imagining at times that the harp of Hemans is once more touched. There is not one piece in the whole collection which has not some bud, some blossom, some leaf, some thought, which a poetic mind alone could embody in language. There is life, and beauty, and feeling in every page."

These lines have been quoted as very beautiful. We think we met them in the *Knickerbocker* several years ago:

"I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June.
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze flattered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west."

The thoughts, lying on her heart like the dew on flowers—her heart light as a blossom in June—the breeze blowing the flowers open—the white cloud sailing to its haven of rest, on the white wing of peace, are each and all, observes the critic referred to, beautiful conceptions, and justly entitled to a place among elegant poetical fancies.

This, from "Musings," is perfect music:

"One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies;
I clapped my hands and warbled wild
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child,
And did as children do."

Again,

"The twilight hours, like birds, flew by
As lightly and as free."

One more quotation from this sparkling piece:

"I heard the laughing wind behind
A-playing with my hair;
The breezy fingers of the wind—
How cool and moist they were."

THE COTTAGER'S SABBATH.

MUSIC BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

Tenore.

1. { Ah! why should the thought of a world that is
 { Or why should the Sab - bath be sul - - - lied with

Alto.

Soprano.

The rough cares of life lay a - side till to-

Basso.

Fine.

fly - ing, En - cum - ber the plea - sure of sea - sons like these?
 sigh - ing, While faith the bright things of e - ter - ni - ty sees?

mor - row, But let us be tran - quil and hap - py to - day.

Now let us re - pose from our cares and our sor - rows; Let

Now let us re - pose from our cares and our sor - rows; Let

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics 'Now let us re - pose from our cares and our sor - rows; Let' are written below the first and third staves.

all that is anx - ious and sad pass a - way. D. C.

all that is anx - ious and sad pass a - way. D. C.

all that is anx - ious and sad pass a - way. D. C.

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics 'all that is anx - ious and sad pass a - way.' are written below the first, third, and fourth staves. Each of these three staves ends with a double bar line and the marking 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

2. Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain,
"There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,
And tarry you here till I seek you again."
To-day on that mountain would we seek for thy blessing,
O spirit of holiness meet with us there;
Our hearts will then feel, while thine influence possessing,
The sweetness of praise and the fervor of prayer.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS, by J. T. HEADLEY, author of *Napoleon and his Marshals, &c.*—Mr. Headley's characteristics as a writer are so well known and favorably appreciated, that we need not bespeak public attention to anything from his pen. There is about the present volume, however, an unusual charm, a peculiar attractiveness, especially to the serious, meditative reader, which will secure for it ample audience and lasting popularity. The moral tone is elevated and sustained throughout, the coloring vivid and life-like, and the entire impression upon the reader's heart, not unlike what would be produced by an actual pilgrimage among the scenes it describes. The artistical accessories are in the most finished style of modern excellence. The engravings, eleven in number, are by BURT. The taste and liberality of the publishers, Messrs. Baker & Scribner, deserve high praise and a generous return from the public. Persons wishing to make a truly beautiful present to a friend during the approaching holidays, should not fail to purchase Headley's *Sacred Mountains*. Baker & Scribner, 36 Park Row and 145 Nassau street, New York.

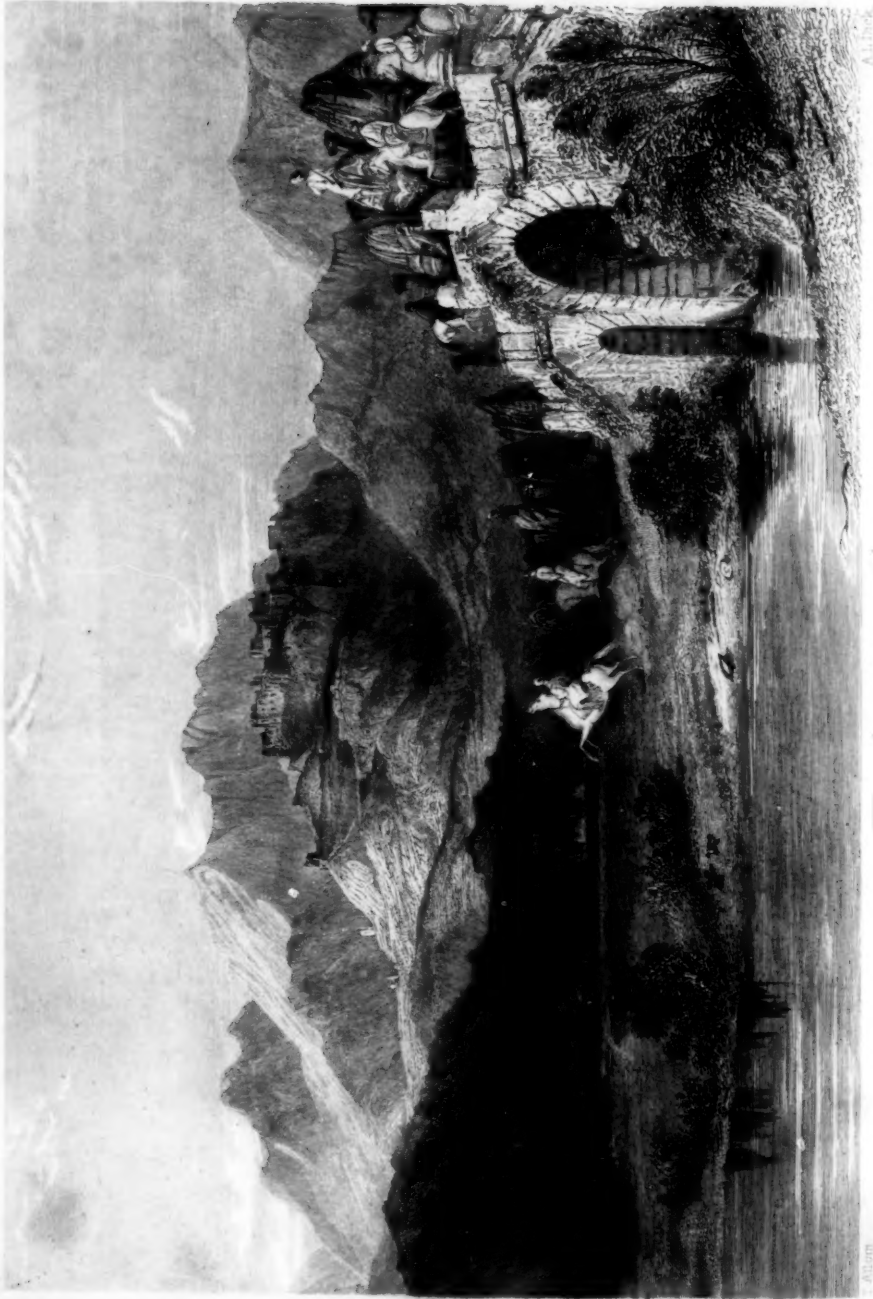
THE ECLECTIC COMMENTARY.—We regard the *Eclectic Commentary* now in course of publication by Mr. Shannon, of this city, as especially deserving the patronage of Protestant Christians. Its cheapness, beautiful finish of mechanical workmanship, and its comprehensiveness, embracing as it does the cream of all the ablest commentaries, all entitle it to very high consideration. For family use, it has no superior. The utility and interest of family worship would be greatly enhanced by reading, in connection with the Sacred text, the comments of this work.

PRESENT BOOK.—The *Youth's Cabinet*, edited by F. C. Woodworth, has been put up in various elegant bindings by the publisher, and forms a beautiful and instructive presentation volume, exactly suited to the season of gifts. It is abundantly embellished with fine cuts and engravings, illustrative of the various topics in the book. Whoever would desire a really valuable book for Christmas or New Year presentation, should examine this volume. D. A. Woodworth, 135 Nassau street, publisher.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION'S PUBLICATIONS.—We have a number of excellent works from the press of this society, among which "Robert Dawson;" "The Gospel among the Bechuanas, and other tribes of Southern Africa;" "The City Cousins;" "Sketches of the Waldenses;" "Amos Armfield, or the leather-covered Bible;" all of which indicate the sound judgment

and taste which preside over the publishing department of the Union. We take this occasion to observe that there seems to be a wrong impression abroad in regard to the publications of this society, and we suppose that this is mainly produced by the plain and humble garb in which the books are brought out, and not unfrequently, too, by the way in which they are sometimes editorially noticed: to wit, they are frequently called "neat little books," "books for children," and it is said that "Sunday Schools should be supplied at once." "They should be in the hands of all our children." Now all this is good, and true besides, but only goes to belittle the highly valuable and exceedingly important labors of a great and comparatively venerable national institution. The majority of their books may be small, but our attention has been lately called not only to the vast number of them, but also to the size; and while such books as "Holy War," by the immortal Bunyan; "The Way of Life," by Dr. Hodge; "Good, Better, Best," by Dr. Alexander; "The Great Change," by Redford; and a host of others which we might mention, are on the society's list, a different impression than that alluded to above should be entertained. The whole library of bound volumes comprises now nearly six hundred. Some fifty to sixty of these have been added within a year past, and some of them of the very best character. Mr. Meeks has charge of the Depository in New York, Brick Church Chapel.

POEMS, BY AMELIA, second edition, enlarged; D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.—Of this volume of delicious fancies and exquisite music, we have spoken at some length in the *Editorial Miscellany* of the present number of our Magazine. We need not add anything to our remarks in that place to induce any reader of taste and feeling to obtain the book. Unless the present edition be a very large one, it will very soon be disposed of. No American poetess enjoys so high and deserved a popularity as Amelia. Appleton & Co. have taken care to put her gems in a casket of fitting richness and beauty, worthy of the contents and of their own reputation for good and liberal taste. To this notice we may add, that a glance at the shelves and the catalogue of this very respectable publishing house, shows that, during the year now closing, they have issued a very large number of books, of great value and beauty, in every department of literature and science, which, with their ample importations of all that is choice in the markets of Europe, make up a stock as rich and perfect as can be found on this continent.



The Archway of the Pyramids

W. A. Smith

THE

LOSING AND GAINING.

BY C. J. B.